

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLII.

No. 2033.—June 9, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVII.

CONTENTS.

I. JOHN RICHARD GREEN,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	579
II. NO NEW THING. Part XX.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	583
III. PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	604
IV. THE WIZARD'S SON. Part VIII.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	619
V. UNWRITTEN HISTORY. By T. H. Huxley,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	628

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SOUTH OF	FOR THE XV. NOCTURNE, BY F. CHO-
FRANCE, 578	PIN, 578
A BIRTHDAY GREETING, 578	

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 13 cents.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

SUGGESTED BY MR. ARNOLD'S POEM, "THE FORSAKEN MERMAN."

SWEET singer of the sandy dunes,
And oozy beaches glistening wet,
Lo, here, methinks, 'neath Southern moons,
Thy Merman lingers yet.

Outstretched above the gleaming waves,
He watches through the summer night,
Or stables in the sounding caves
His wild sea-horses white.

They foam amid the fretted rocks,
They toss and chafe and landward roar,
And shake beneath their thunderous shocks
The hollow, caverned shore.

For here an ampler moonlight steeps
A world of waters rolling white;
And here the racing billow leaps,
Sheer pausing on the height.

And hidden caverns, breathing deep,
Suck shuddering in the roaring wave;
Then out again the smoke-wreaths sweep,
And fountains spout and rave.

Will nothing win thee, Margaret!
And must thy Merman ever mourn;
Nor e'er his mortal love forget,
Of thy sweet eyes forlorn,—

Through many a hundred years of life,
In green, cool depths beneath the wave;
While thou may'st rest from mortal strife
Within thy quiet grave,—

Thy grave upon the windy hill,
Where all thy kinsfolk sleep, and where
From the grey kirk sound murmurs still
Of solemn-chaunted prayer?

Nay, choose, fair Margaret. Yonder yet
The foam-white horses plunging wait;
Sways the green surge—they champ and fret—
Ah, Margaret, come, though late!

Oh, listen, listen! "Choose, sweet wife,
Love, and thy children round thy knees;
In wide sea-halls a joyous life,
Untroubled centuries."

For surely yet in yon white town,
That strews its lights about the hill,
Somewhere she stands, and gazes down
Seaward, and weeps her fill;

And over moonlit wastes of sea,
And billowy ridges of the foam,
Merman, she looks and longs for thee,
For her dear babes, for home.

Her sad eyes pierce the purple dark,
And half enthralled by Ocean's spell,
She hurries o'er the threshold. Hark,
A silver-chiming bell!

From the grey kirk, where sleep the dead,
Swings out the solemn, midnight sound;
Shuddering, she sinks, and bows her head,
Her dim eyes sorrow-drowned.

She lists the ancient call to prayer,
She clasps the Book, she tells her beads,—
Turn, Merman, turn, in love's despair,
Thy wild, unwilling steeds.

They thunder in the echoing caves,
They toss their manes, they linger yet:
"Come down, come down, beneath the waves;
Return, love Margaret!"
Spectator. L. I. L.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

WHAT shall I wish thee for the coming year?
Twelve months of dreamlike ease? no care?
no pain?
Bright spring—calm summer—autumn with-
out rain
Of bitter tears? Would'st have it thus, my
friend?
What lesson, then, were learnt at the year's
end?

What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth
well
If I could have my way no shade of woe
Should ever dim thy sunshine—but I know
Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep from thee the many jars of life!
Still let me wish thee courage for the strife—
The happiness that comes of work well done—
And afterwards the peace of victory won!
Argosy. M. E. F.

FOR THE XV. NOCTURNE, BY F. CHOPIN.

A MONTH of green and tender May,
All woods and walks awake with flowers,
Wide, sun-lit meadows for the day,
And moon-bathed paths for evening hours.
A bright brief dream that had no past,
And of the future knew no fear;
A kiss at first, a sigh at last—
Only last year.

Another spring, dim loveless woods;
No farewell kiss, no parting tear;
No stone to mark where silence broods
O'er the dead love we found so dear.
But oh, to me the green seems gray,
The budding branches all are sere,
For sweet love's sake, that died one day,
Only last year.

Chambers' Journal.

E. NESBIT.

From The Fortnightly Review.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

As we turn in the eager press of our modern life to take leave of the friend who has borne on the torch to the farthest limit of his strength, there is granted a moment in which our thoughts may dwell upon the course he has run, the distance he has traversed, the difficulties through which he has urged his way, the failing strength upheld by force of will unto the end. John Richard Green was more than the student and the writer of books of whom the world knew, more than the affectionate and winning companion who drew the hearts of his friends so closely to him, much more than the witty and brilliant talker. Indeed, the bright recklessness of his lighter writing and his lighter talk were the mere reaction of a mind weighted at all solitary and serious moments with an abiding sense of responsibility, of duty, and of human sympathy. As an East End clergyman, as an ardent social and political reformer, he had bravely borne his share of many of the burdens of this age of stress and transition, until his health broke down and forced him to husband the energies of a maimed life for his history.

It requires an effort of the imagination to realize how vast are the changes that have swept over the generation now middle-aged. The new conditions of labor force upon us problems which have tried none so heavily as those who, like John Richard Green, have devoted themselves, whilst strength for the unequal task remained, to minister to the working classes of a great city. Scores of the brilliant men of college days have disappeared from the race. Others have been protected either by their egotism, or their dulness, or their deliberate limitation of their interest in the problems around them, or by the gigantic nervous power which in some cases has been developed in the struggle. Green had not the former safeguards, and, though much, too little of the last. It was beyond the power of his keen and sympathetic nature to protect himself by indifference. Every matter with which he came into contact interested him to the full. It was this

wide and liberal interest that gave him his grasp and his insight as an historian, and after many experiments it proved that only in the all-embracing interests of history his varied powers could find adequate expression.

I had great dreams for a while of ambition [he writes] and then Andrew Clark met me in the street and told me I might die in six months! And now that life has come back again, it has come in such a way that all thought of *active* life is over. I must be a student so long as I live, and nothing more—and all, that capacity for active life which I feel, for influencing men by speech, by will, by personal impulse, must remain idle. It is the failure of a whole side of one's nature. But I feel none of the old bitterness now. Work is left to me, and noble and good work, and I want simply to try and do a little work before I go to I know not what. One gets at last to value the small work of every day—the work of making things a little more right, a little more true than they were, of removing some small falsehood that stopped the way, in bringing out some little nobleness in men or things that the world had missed.

I find it a little hard to face the truth [he writes to another friend from Capri] that I must resign myself, if I live, to the life of an invalid, the *μετρίως ζῆν* that is so out of harmony with my natural temper. I don't grumble, for after all such a life is no obstacle to quiet writing, and may perhaps lead one to a truer end of life than one had planned. But sometimes there comes on me a rebellion against the quiet of the student life, a rush of energy and longing to battle, and then it is hard to beat one's wings against the cage the fates have made for me.

In college days he was deeply moved by the theological questions of which Oxford was the centre. He was born there, and all the famous figures of the High Church party, Pusey, Newman, and the rest, had been familiar names and familiar figures to him throughout his youth. He had listened to the charm of their eloquence, he was touched by the new grace with which they invested religion, he bent by nature to the historical arguments which they urged for their mediæval revival. It was not long before he carried their historical researches farther. He became a great student of the heresies, and formed conclusions of his own as to

the solidity of the Puseyite foundations. Amongst the buildings and the associations of Oxford he revelled. From boyhood he spent his holidays in noting the details of the architecture and the monuments of every church within his reach. He plunged into the old Chronicles, and into the college records. He collected from an old inhabitant memories which even then lingered of Dr. Johnson and the sages of his time, and caught the idea of the papers on "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," which he contributed as an undergraduate to the *Oxford Chronicle*. In the schools he did nothing, but by accepting academic failure he laid the foundations of his historical knowledge. To him "a turn down the High," as he said in a youthful paper, was "a tour through English history." To his mind each spot of ground and each building came to convey the complete sum of its historical associations. He returned to the subject later in various detached articles and in his history, and but the other day, as he lay ill, he conceived and developed the plan of an "Oxford Historical Society," the object of which was to "collect materials of every sort for a picture of Oxford University and Town" (the italics are his own in the draft given to the present writer), "at every age from 700 to 1800." Meanwhile, even as an undergraduate he came to know the ins and outs of the Welsh foundation to which he belonged as no one else did. Shortly after his degree, he contributed, in 1862, to a college magazine, the *Druid*, an article upon Vaughan, the Welsh poet of Stuart times, which leads off with a learned and facile account of the rise of Jesus College. How "by its very name it took its stand as the first Protestant College of the University," who built this part, and who that, whence the money came, what said the university wits of the day — as sardonic doubtless as to the young foundation as modern Oxonians are as to Keble — and then off at a tangent into a general sketch of the discipline of the university under Charles I. and the "fussy energy of the chancellor Laud." All this was the fruit of his own study as an undergraduate, unaided but for one

friend, Dean, then Canon, Stanley, who met the shy young student upon the common ground of history, and in whom he, for the first time, found sympathy and direction.

After taking his degree Green endeavored to stir up the undergraduates whom he had left behind him to pursue the same interests. He urges them not to rest contented till they had discovered all about earlier Welsh foundations which existed in Oxford.

As for the College itself, its greatest want is the want of traditions, of a chain of great names ennobling its localities, and linking its past with its present. Let each member do a little towards supplying this void. Then again, each part of the College might be made interesting by a little research, the chapel with its epitaphs, the hall with its portraits, above all the library with its books and manuscripts — each has its little history to tell. There is a history even of the very site of the College, the ground on which it stands and the streets which run round it.

In my time [continues the young B.A. to those whom he had left behind him] there was not a single Jesus undergraduate who knew anything of his country's history. Yet no chapters in history are more curious, few more ennobling. What a field, too, does the religious history of the Principality present — its early Christianity, tangled in a jungle of myths; its old heathen superstitions, coexisting with and partly dying into the mediæval saint-cults; how Reformed Church passed it by, how the Methodists found it and did God's work among its masses. . . . Every vacation Jesus throws the meshes of a great net over every nook and cranny of Wales; every term gathers it up again. Why should not the net bring back something with it for your magazine — old legends, old customs, old words? . . . What in past times has the College done — what does it do now, for Wales? . . . As a mere feeder to the Episcopal Church in Wales, how does it feed it? Does it raise its tone, does it contribute learning or devotion in any special degree, does it introduce the breadth and tolerance of which Welsh religionism, from the very nature of its excellences, stands so greatly in need? . . . Are its schools, is it in itself, models of Welsh education? What does it do for Welsh literature, Welsh history, Welsh archaeology, Welsh philology, Welsh patriotism in its higher and nobler sense?

Few subjects interested him so closely

as education. "The most comforting thing I know," he writes in 1874, "is that Gladstone's 'Greenwich Manifesto' has made the university question a question for the Liberal party whether it likes it or no." He had a great belief in the educational value of history, and undertook his "Short History of the English People" primarily as a "book for boys," to correct and vivify the dull tradition of the accepted school text-books. The brilliant papers, read before various societies during the few years after he left Oxford on Dunstan, London in the reign of Stephen, and other historical subjects, display him not only as a student whose own enthusiasm for his subjects was irresistible, but as an attractive lecturer. He had a free and persuasive gift of eloquence. For such a man, however, caring chiefly for real learning and real teaching, Oxford had no place; and Green went out into the world, only able for ten years to come to snatch his studies fitfully amidst the press of other work, and only able to touch with his stimulating influence the few younger friends whom their good fortune threw across his path. "He was," writes one who has since borne the fruit of his help, "really the first person who interested himself in my studies, and gave me real help and encouragement."

None, indeed, will remember him with a deeper affection and regret than a few young men and girls who, touched with some enthusiasm, yet perplexed how rightly to beat out the music of their lives, found in J. R. Green, not only the most charming of friends, but the most earnest and inspiring of counsellors.

One no sooner grasps the real bigness of the world's work [he writes to such an one] than one's own effort seems puny and contemptible. Then again one comes across minds and tempers so infinitely grander and stronger than our own, that we shrink with a false humility from any seeming rivalry with them in noble working. And then again, in the very effort to do anything, however small, one is hampered by circumstances at every step, till we are inclined to throw up the fight in despair. It is just the souls that long to do the noblest work that feel most their own immeasurable inferiority to it. No people tumble about so despairingly in the Slough of Despond. Moses

felt himself a man of stammering lips, Elijah sank under the juniper, Burns went silently and moodily about his farm-work, longing for the song that never came. But it came at last! The thing is—I think—to think less of ourselves and what we are to our work, and more of our work and what it is to us. The world moves along not merely by the gigantic shoves of its hero-workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All may give some tiny push or other, and feel that they are doing something for mankind. "Circumstances" spur as much as they hinder us. It is in the struggle day by day with them that we gain muscle for the real life-fight. And the sense of the superiority of others is a joy to those who really work not for themselves, but for the good of man—what they cannot do, they rejoice that others can. *Respite finem*, the old monks used to say in their meditations on life. "Consider the end." And so it must be. To work well we must look to the end—not death—but the good of mankind; not "self-improvement" in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this is too big an end to look to, we must look greatly forward to be great. In the light of it one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's "work" towards the end.

At other times the counsel would be on more commonplace subjects.

Good English is like good sense, not got at in a day. Simplicity is half of it—I think—and in simplicity I am as far to seek as anybody (1870). But the true way to write well is to write constantly; ease of style can only come by habit, and grace of style can only come of ease. . . . Grace of temper, beauty of tone, are of the essence of life as they are of the essence of style.

And such things were said even to those much younger than himself, not with any air of patronage, but as the counsels of a comrade. "Forgive this practical talk," he concludes, after mapping out a course of historical work for another friend, "from one who has had hard work to make himself practical, but who knows now how needful it is."

However, with all these gifts, Green found no place at Oxford, and had little to say to it for many years; yet he always looked back to it with much affection.

With all its faults of idleness and littleness [he writes from the Union, when an Examiner]

there is a charm about Oxford which tells on one, a certain freshness and independence (it has never given itself over to the Philistines, as Matthew Arnold says); besides a certain quality of life such as one doesn't get anywhere else. Perhaps its very blunders (and one meets a blunder at every step if one regards it as a great educational institution) save it at any rate from falling into mere commonplaces.

He applauds the Oxford spirit for its freedom from

a Liberalism which is a mere matter of association and sentiment, and not of any consistent view of man in his relation to society. It is just as well too that there should be one place in the world where "practical considerations" have less than their real value. In every other place they have far more than their value. I am afraid I am hobby-horsing about Oxford, but it is an odd world, and has a strange attraction for me.

To the last, however, Oxford dealt grudgingly with her brilliant son. His old college did, indeed, elect him an honorary fellow, and a proctor with an opinion of his own nominated Green as an examiner in modern history. But for the rest it was not considered judicious to speak of the "Short History" without great reserve. The younger men, however, formed a very different opinion of the genius shown in the "little book," and as they grow older they have not receded from their opinion. It has, indeed, materially contributed to that new popularity of the study of history at Oxford which is gradually filling the benches of the Houses of Parliament, and reinforcing the lists of public writers, with young men whose politics are based, not on theory, but on consideration, and which, also, is freshening with the historic spirit the slack waters of the older academic studies. It used to be said that when men leaving Oxford wished to improve their minds, if they were rich they travelled, and if they were poor they read Green's "Short History." Projects were at one time mooted of recalling Green to Oxford as a lecturer, but his health made this impossible. In the last year of his life a spontaneous desire sprang up to honor him with the only mark that he could then receive from the university—the honorary D.C.L.; but though proposed by the proctors and supported by the history-tutors, there were potentates of the older generation who grudgingly denied thus much of recognition to the talents of one about whom, fortunately, the world outside them had long since made up its mind.

We must revert, however, to the moment when Green left Oxford and plunged into a far different life in the world of London. He had at one time thought of going to the bar, but in his last year at Oxford he had caught from the writings of F. D. Maurice a high and liberal conception of the sphere open to him as a minister of the Church of England in her mission of civilizing and spiritualizing the neglected masses. His tender and sympathetic nature was profoundly touched by the condition of the population of east London, by its squalor, its poverty, its ignorance, and its sinfulness. The Church of England seemed to him, as he constantly repeated,

the avenue, and the one avenue, through which moral truth and moral enthusiasm can be diffused through the mass of the people;

and a lofty conception of the work he might accomplish as a minister, side by side with the pursuit of history, impressed itself upon his spirit. Imbued with these ideas Mr. Green left Oxford behind him, and presented himself before his old friend Stanley, then examining chaplain to the Bishop Tait, as a candidate for ordination within the diocese of London. But eager as he was to plunge into the battle, at the very outset his keen exacting truthfulness in all matters of intellectual fact asserted itself, and he professed his inability to offer for examination certain subjects prescribed. In his affections, his humor, his style, his vivid imagination was supreme, and he revelled in its exercise. But let it come to a fact of history or the result of a process of thought, and at once you would find imagination held in fetters, and its place usurped by the coldest, the most precise, the most exacting conscientiousness. The immediate difficulty was easily removed, and in 1860 he was ordained to an East End curacy. From beginning to end of his clerical life he never relinquished his set idea of Christianizing the masses. Dean Stanley, recognizing his social charm and his oratorical power, destined his former pupil to a fashionable West End cure. But he hailed the invitation of Bishop Tait to take, at five-and-twenty, the difficult charge of a desolate parish at Hoxton, from which the vicar was suspended, and where the whole parochial fabric had collapsed in a general disgrace in 1863. "If you are in trouble," said the bishop to the young curate, "come back to me. If you succeed you will be doing me a great service. If you fail in

so difficult a post I shall not be disappointed."

Stimulated by the bishop's confidence, Green fell tooth and nail upon his work in 1863. The clergy were in such discredit that a shoemaker, from whom he ordered a pair of boots, would not send them home to the vicarage till he had seen his money. The whole neighborhood was against him. His church was in shameful disrepair. His congregation was non-existent. "In a few months, however," writes his successor, then the Rev. T. W. Fowle, "he had gathered a number of people round him who regarded him to the last with affection and admiration." The restoration of the church was taken in hand, and a congregation was gathered by the charm of "his beautifully sensitive voice," and by the ornate services which his love for music led him to establish wherever he went. Indeed he proved himself in all his different work in the East End a most attractive preacher.

I believe [he wrote at the close of his work] "high thinking," put into plain English, to be more likely to tell on a dockyard laborer, than all the "simple Gospel sermons" in the world.

It was his experience that "appeal to their higher nature seldom remains unanswered. In the roughest costermonger there is a vein of real nobleness, often even of poetry, in which lies the whole chance of his rising to a better life."

He preached, with the deepest thoughtfulness and most serious utterance, upon the problems of the daily conduct, and morals, and aspirations of the men before him, reasoning chiefly of temperance and justice rather than of judgment to come.

I preached on the sins of electors [he writes], apathy, immorality, selfishness, party-spirit, which has not found a single friend and sent the offertory down to zero. If only their irritation sets them thinking a little, I shan't object.

The religious temper of the young parson is well shown in the paper on the poet Vaughan which he sent from London to the magazine of his old college. After dwelling with sympathy upon "the religion, peculiarly tender, personal, and impassioned," which breathes in Vaughan's poems, he concludes:—

Time has rescued from ages of disputation all that was worthy and true: and the jewels which it has selected harmonize well with one another. The great epic of an Arian, the great allegory of a Baptist, the "Temple" of George Herbert, and the Saint's Rest of a

Presbyterian, the "Silex" of Vaughan and the hymns of Wesley, the divine verse of Keble and of Father Faber, all stand side by side on the same shelves, speak the same tongue, and express the emotions and experiences of the same One Church.

But all the practical and spiritual interests that now crowded upon him and absorbed him, could not quench the historian's instinct that seemed born within him. He spent every moment of his leisure working at the history of the Angevin kings in the British Museum. He contemplated what to most men seemed nothing but a barren wilderness of dingy brick, mortar, and paving-stones, with the same interest that had made his youth at Oxford a romance to him, and that enabled him to read its history in every spot he visited. A paper which he sent to the *Druid* opens with a quotation from Canon Stanley which responded precisely to his own feelings:—

The pleasure which a botanist finds in the flowers along the common pathways of his daily walks; the pleasure which the geologist finds in hills, valleys, roads, and railroads [two pleasures which Green himself knew well and keenly enjoyed], the same pleasure is given to the historian as he looks at the buildings, as he sees the names of the commonest streets in London.

"Setting aside the poetry of life which is everywhere," he writes again in a most characteristic passage, years later, at the conclusion of his East End life:—

There is poetry enough in East London, poetry in the great river which washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell, or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping; poetry in the Forest that fringes it to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault, glades ringing with the shouts of school-children out for their holiday and half mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly; poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar where everybody, man, woman, and child, is a worker, this England without a "leisured class;" poetry in the thud of the steam-engine, and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery, in the bleary eyes of the Spitalfields weaver, or the lingering faces of the groups of laborers [he was thinking of the dark days of East End distress] clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river; poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches, that have been caught and overlapped and lost, as it were, in the great human advance that has carried London forward from Whitechapel, its limit in the age

of the Georges, to Stratford, its bound in that of Victoria.

With this seeing eye he went up and down the London streets, and in and out amidst the London corners, till he had learned the whole city as he had learned Oxford. The smallest details of the parochial boundaries or of the course of the main roads were pregnant to him with interpretations of the annals of the city, and he forgot nothing.

With interruptions, caused by ill health, Green spent what he always called "the best ten years of his life" in fighting the battle of religion and civilization amidst the teeming social chaos of the East End, and in a hopeless effort to impress that ever-changing, ever-swelling tide of population with which the industrial transformations of our age are drowning the modern city. For a nature so sensitive, so alert in its sympathy for suffering, so ardent in its desire to help, the strain was killing. Green broke down, as many another is breaking down in similar toil, under the hopelessness of overtaking the work, the inadequacy of the support, the solitude, the discouragement, the squalor. His was a nature which could not take rest whilst any work remained to be done, and in the East End the work of a parson of genius was no less than infinite. Into each position to which he was appointed — St. Barnabas, Holy Trinity, Hoxton, a mission curacy at St. Peter's, Stepney, and finally the neighboring vicarage of St. Philip's — he threw himself with the whole energy of his nature, and from each in turn, after an effort more or less prolonged, he withdrew with shattered health.

"It was the one thing that held me so long to *Ecclesia Anglicana*," he writes, "that an official position in it gives one openings for doing social good which no other position does." But the drag upon such a man was that the official position compelled him to do his work with his hands tied by institutions, both ecclesiastical and municipal, which had not yet learned to stretch and adapt themselves to the changed conditions of the new generation.

The varied strain of the responsibilities which he undertook is well told in his account of an East End vicar's Monday morning:—

It is the "parish morning." All the complicated machinery of a great ecclesiastical charitable and educational organization has got to be wound up afresh and set going again

for another week. The superintendent of the Woman's Mission is waiting with a bundle of accounts, complicated as only ladies' accounts can be. The churchwarden has come in with a face full of gloom to consult on the falling off in the offertory. The scripture-reader has brought his visiting-book to be inspected, and a special report on the character of a doubtful family in the parish. The organist drops in to report something wrong in the pedals. There is a letter to be written to the Inspector of Nuisances, directing his attention to certain odoriferous drains in Pig and Whistle Alley. The nurse brings her sick-list and her little bill for the sick-kitchen. The schoolmaster wants a fresh pupil-teacher, and discusses nervously the prospects of his scholars in the coming inspection. There is the interest on the penny bank to be calculated, a squabble in the choir to be adjusted, a district visitor to be replaced, reports to be drawn up for the Bishop of London's Fund and a great charitable society, the curate's sick-list to be inspected, and a preacher to be found for the next church festival.

Meanwhile his restless energy and his readiness to take upon his own shoulders every burden that others refused, his inability to sit down with any abuse unremedied, any possible opening untried, committed him to a scale of expenditure far beyond the income of the benefice. "I get £300, and it costs me £700." If money was wanted for a new curate's stipend, or any parochial undertaking, he sat down to earn it with his pen.

And so began article-writing late at night when parish work was done, and the shutting of the hall-door at two and three in the morning was the sign to us [writes the brother who was then living with him] that he had gone out to post the paper for next morning. Yet his parish work did not suffer. He was regularly up for the early service. Few could stand this. It was only the intense spirit which kept him going.

It is these money matters which wear my life out [Green writes to his fellow-worker, Edward Denison, before the days of Mr. Forster's Education Act]. Imagine my having to pay out of my own pocket a deficiency of £43 in the school accounts. . . . How can I do my book (the "Angevins") when to escape sheer parochial bankruptcy I shall have to send in two articles every week to the *S-R.*, and write an article for —, besides my parochial engagements? What between the parsons and the Government, all sense of local responsibility for education seems lost.

Those, however, who read the bright results in the *Saturday Review* of those days little realized that they were the fever of an overtaken physique. "My wits are getting blunted," moaned Denison, who worked alongside with Green at

schools, and sanitation, and sick-kitchens, and poor relief, "by the monotony and ugliness of this place." But in Green the day's worries and overtoil led at night to a scarcely less wasting fever of reaction. Once that the study door was shut for the night, all the surroundings of the day were flung into the crucible of his most reckless humor. The tension of patience and sympathy with which he had met the difficulties of the day relieved itself in quizzing everything and everybody. He would narrate the "Curate's Progress" into the confidence of the other sex, or make his sally against a "Woman in Orders," or play with not unkindly satire upon the weaknesses of the "District Visitor," the "Sister," and the "Deaconess." But there was plenty of more serious work done too, when the first reaction of frolic had passed off. Materials were steadily accumulating for the "History of the Angevin Kings." There were careful and scholarly reviews in the *Saturday Review* of historical works, and when occasion called, very grave and forcible papers on the serious social problems which were arising in the East End.

The short but fierce crisis of the cholera in August, 1866, met him soon after his entry upon St. Philip's. The scourge had been expected. All was in readiness for the terrible enemy. The *mot d'ordre* had been issued to remove every case at once to the hospital, to isolate it with the utmost promptitude, to destroy on the moment every channel for fresh infection. Within an hour from the first seizure in his parish Green himself met the dying patient in the London Hospital, and thenceforward, while the plague lasted, Green, like other clergy in the parishes attacked, worked day and night amidst the panic-stricken people, as officer of health, inspector of nuisances, ambulance superintendent, as well as spiritual consoler, and burier of the dead. His only dread was for his friends. He almost burst into passion when he met the wife of a neighboring clergyman visiting, like himself, the sick of her parish in the London Hospital. He implored her, for her children's sake, to withdraw from such a post of danger, and only acquiesced in her remaining upon seeing how her presence steadied the overwrought and frightened nurses. At last the plague was stayed, and its sole record was the list of orphans for whom homes had to be found.

A far more serious problem of the time was East End distress. There had been

good times of high wages and free expenditure. There had been poverty in some quarters, but not overwhelming distress, and the East End guardians had been betrayed into the delusion of meeting such distress as did arise with outdoor relief. The rates fell heavily upon the upper margin of the population which paid them, and the guardians, considering that a family in the workhouse was a costly burden, rashly concluded that it was more humane and far more economical to give the dole that would keep the poor in their own homes. The commercial crisis which followed upon the failure of Overend and Gurney in 1866 had led to a very serious stagnation of trade. There was a general shrinkage of wages. Class after class was thrown out of employment, and the deluded attitude of the trades-unions completed the general collapse. They had grown conscious of power in the days of prosperity, and now had not the intelligence to perceive that the conditions were changed. They resisted reductions in wages, when reductions were inevitable, and the strike of the shipwrights,

gentlemen-artisans [as Green called them] who feel it to be their duty to decline to take 34s. a week,

drove out of east London the capital which had supported them and their laborers, and all the little trades which had ministered to their wants. It only remained for the shipwrights to follow the capital at their leisure, and for the dependent handicrafts to seek other openings. But the lax administration of the Poor Law made this a painful and lingering process of slow emaciation. In the winter of 1867-68 the distress grew appalling. The poor-rates mounted higher and higher. The small struggling shopkeepers who paid them, called on to contribute a heavier impost out of reduced profits, collapsed under the strain, and the area of rate-payers itself began to dwindle. The West End was startled by the accounts of a vast and once active population sinking into nerveless and hopeless inanition. Funds were set afoot at the Mansion House and elsewhere. Thousands were subscribed, yet the profuse and erratic generosity of the benevolent did but increase the mischief. Their doles might avert starvation whilst they were maintained; but they did not create work for the population where it stood, nor move it where work was to be had.

Some half a million of people [cried Green

in the *Saturday Review*] have been flung into the crucible of public benevolence and have come out of it simply as paupers.

All the elements of a great social catastrophe were ripening. In one district bread-riots broke out, which the guardians met by distributing tons of bread amongst the clamoring crowd.

In this crisis a little knot of East End clergy, amongst whom Green was a moving spirit, seemed alone to keep their heads; and the articles of Green, who was appointed by the Poor-Law Board an *ex-officio* guardian, were largely instrumental in instructing public opinion and arresting the flood of pauperism. He insisted that it was not the Poor Law that had failed, but its administrators. He declaimed against their "ignorance, incapacity, and inaction." He asserted the "necessity of keeping distinct the almoner and the minister of religion." He demanded that all regular relief should be left in official hands, insisting that "the labor test lies at the very foundation of all sound and healthy poor relief," and reserving to private alms only the exceptional cases of such a season. The alms of the charitable available for such purposes were to be administered solely by local committees, such as the representative one in Stepney, which he helped to form; while he asserted the methods which have been embodied in the Charity Organization Society as the only course by which to avoid the two great evils — "overlapping charities" and "pauperizing relief."

Great as was the strain which the varied anxieties of such a life threw upon his delicate frame, it was not these only that wore him out. He and his friends had also to work out anew the relations of the national Church towards the East End proletariat. Had it any? Amidst all the other burdens that fell upon them, Green and his Broad Church neighbors thought to solve at a blow a great problem still in the course of its slow solution. The religious even more than the social institutions of the East End had been distanced by the conditions of the new democracy. That the democracy was becoming brutalized and materialized under the squalid stupor of its surroundings was obvious. That the National Church was the designed and fitting instrument for its elevation to a loftier conception of the import and significance of life and duty was to the Broad Churchmen likewise a proven fact. It was in this belief that they had thrown themselves into their work, and

had established themselves in their dingy quarters. They saw that the Church had failed; they were persuaded that it should succeed. But the problem could only be solved by experiment, and meanwhile their enthusiasm had to bear many a blow as they groped their way to causes and remedies.

Somewhat earlier the authorities had been persuaded that the real lack was churches. The efforts of the ecclesiastical commissioners were reinforced by the magnificent effort of the Bishop of London's Fund. Churches had been built by dozens, new parishes had been carved out as spheres of clerical work, but the East End would not enter the churches nor recognize the ecclesiastical re-arrangement of the old civil parish. Then the idea was to carry the churches to the people; and earnest men labored weekly like Green in little iron mission-houses. They got hold of the children in their schools, and some of the women in their meetings, but the men held as far aloof as ever. If they did enter a church door, it might be for the music, it might be for the sermon, it might be, as Green often used to say, out of personal politeness to return a neighborly call made at their homes during the week; but it was not to join in the one form of worship upon which the Act of Uniformity insisted. It became very palpable that the preacher must go far afield out of the liturgical fold if he looked to gather in the lost sheep upon the mountains.

Starting with the idea [says one of Green's comrades then] that Christianity as a spiritual power ought to attract the people, we could not but see our failure. Brimful of work, eloquence, and power, Green, I have no doubt, felt that he could make no commensurate impression upon the masses about him. Those were awful days. Protestantism in its most repulsive aspect denounced every attempt to improve services, while we know that an imbecile had only to put on a green garment one day, and a red one the next, to attract more people than all the arts of humanism. We certainly failed in so far as we attempted to appeal to the people by an application of Christianity which not one of us by the way had thought out.

Green fell back on personal influence, and instinctively endeavored to win the poor to him individually by the same personal charm which surrounded him with cultured friends. He made friends with whomsoever would be friendly, tended them gently in their sickness, counselled them in their trouble, and when they had

no cause to demand his sympathy, he planned amusements for them, took them by the boat-load to Rosherville, got up penny readings "without the penny," and poured out for their entertainment his rare powers of humor and conversation. With individuals he succeeded wonderfully, and they still hold his memory in affection. But such efforts, which exhausted him terribly, were yet but a drop in the ocean.

The parson [thus he betrays his feelings in an anonymous paper] never gets very close home to the poor. Their life is not his life, nor their ways his ways.

I not only did nothing [he wrote in after years with unwarrantable despondency] but more and more felt that if anything was to be done, that was not the way to do it, and more and more I doubted even whether there was anything to be done—I mean through the agency of personal contact.

Meanwhile the harassment of being called on to pursue his mission to the people in what he gradually grew to feel very straining fetters, was a terrible addition to the burden he had to carry. The keen, unresting intellect gradually worked through the charmed circle in which Professor Maurice enrolled his disciples, as it had worked through the Anglican tradition which had so deeply moved him in his youth. His position grew more and more unsatisfactory to him. He still retained

a great faith in the capacity of *Ecclesia Anglicana* to meet the national requirements of England in a way that no sectional action can do;

and then, as later, he urged upon his friends, that

in a time of transition, when the Church of England seems moulding itself into new forms, and when at the same time it finds new possibilities for exerting a nobler influence upon religious and moral thought, a man is bound to set little scruples aside, and to hold on as long as he truthfully can.

For himself he came to the conclusion that the Church was no longer the sphere of work for him, and in 1869 he resigned his living. There was to be no more toiling after impossibilities, no more tilting against prejudices and stupidities with the daring, delicate lance that shattered itself upon them in vain, no more self-squandering upon people whom he could not deeply touch, and upon ephemeral

journals that were forgotten in a week. He would henceforth write his book. But he retired from the post he had so bravely held a broken man. The seeds of consumption had been sown unsuspected by himself in those arduous years, and almost immediately declared themselves. Henceforward he was doomed, as he said, to the life of the student and the invalid, flitting winter by winter to those southern shores, whence came back to his friends in England the sheaves of charming letters he has left behind him.

Of those days, the days of his travel, the days of his best historic work, the days of perfect happiness in married life, the days over which hung always the close shadow of the end which now at last has come, there is no space to speak. Despite the depression of illness and of waning strength, they were perhaps his happiest days, not only on account of the dear companionship in which he dwelt, but because he was giving what remained of life undividedly to the work he held to be his duty. Indeed, he never ceased working. Years before he had truly, though half-lightly, forecast his own epitaph, "*He died learning.*" When he was too weak to sit, his toil went forward on the sofa, and when he could not rise, it still went forward on his bed. Amidst all the vivacity and the merriment which no inroads of disease impaired, he felt, like his favorite Bede, the responsibility of knowledge, and would fain have passed it on before the end came. But for that, and for the love of a few, he never cared to live.

Neither toil [he wrote] nor the end of toil in oneself, or in the world, is all vanity, in spite of the preacher; but there is enough vanity in both to make one sit loose to them. What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends, and the cosy talk by the fire-side, and the sight of flowers and the sound of music.

"My love for those I love never falters, and I live in their love for me." Thus ran his last written letter, and in that certain assurance the common parting came, and the worn spirit passed onwards to its rest.

PHILIP LYTTLETON GELL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PHILIP BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

IN the whole course of his life Philip had never discharged a debt with more heartfelt satisfaction than that of the 5,000*l.* which had been lent him by Signora Tommasini. The signora, not at all affronted by his unceremonious flight from Italy, had let him know her address immediately upon her arrival in London; and the very next morning Philip presented himself, with a neat little speech carefully learned, and a cheque for 5,125*l.* inclosed in an envelope.

"What is this?" cried the signora indignantly, after examining the slip of paper tendered to her.

"Don't speak like an angry cabman," returned Philip, laughing. "It is your money, principal and interest, as per agreement; and I have been endeavoring to express some sense of my obligation; only you wouldn't listen to me."

"I call this most unfriendly," said the signora.

"Never did I hear the just payment of a debt described in those terms before. If there is any error in the amount, kindly mention it, and it shall be rectified."

"What nonsense! Do you take me for a Jew money-lender, that you hand me 125*l.* more than I gave you? I shall certainly not accept it." And the signora tore the cheque up, and tossed it into her waste-paper basket.

"That makes a penny more that you will have to accept," remarked Philip blandly. "My dear Signora Tommasini, don't be ridiculous. You know it was agreed between us that I should repay you with reasonable interest; and of course the sooner I could repay you, the better it was for me."

"I said you were to repay me when you had made your fortune upon the stage. As for the interest, that was rubbish. You could not have supposed that I meant to drive such a bargain as that."

"And could you have supposed that my self-respect would have allowed me to accept your help upon any other conditions? I am sure you could not—knowing, as you do, what a high sense of self-respect I possess."

"I shall not take the interest," replied the signora. "I must take the principal, I suppose; but it is very annoying. You won't work any more, I know—unless,

indeed, you get into difficulties again. You are always slipping through my fingers in one way or another, and I feel now as if I had lost my last hold upon you. Where did you get this money from? But of course I know. I have a great mind to write to Mrs. Stanniforth and tell her that she will be the ruin of you, if she doesn't cut you off with a shilling. Just as I had arranged everything so beautifully too! I meant you to have sung at Lady Cecilia Caroll's concert next week, and I had seen Steinberger about it, and all. I believe you know that I want to do all I can for your good, and you are so determined to go to the bad that you are frightened of me. No doubt that was why you rushed away from Florence, without even taking the trouble to say good-bye to me."

"I am not at all frightened of you now," replied Philip, with perfect truth; "and you are quite mistaken about my intentions, for I mean to work like a galley-slave. Furthermore, I shall be delighted to be done good to in any way that you may think fit, and I will sing at Lady Cecilia Caroll's with the greatest of pleasure. I hope that is satisfactory."

How Philip afterwards redeemed the latter part of his promise in a manner not wholly satisfactory either to himself or to those interested in his advancement, has been already related. His failure was made light of by Signora Tommasini, who declared it to be due solely to nervousness; but Herr Steinberger did not take this view, and grumbled long and loudly at the folly of trying to make short cuts to fame. Steinberger had never, from the first, cared much about Philip as a pupil. He was a man who liked to make unexpected hits, to take audiences by storm, and strike critics dumb; and he knew that this could only be accomplished by practically insuring success before the event. In Philip's case it was hardly possible to do so. He was neither poor enough nor ambitious enough to be patient; and his voice, unfortunately, was one of those uncertain ones which may be magnificent to-day and less than mediocre to-morrow.

"Goot for noting!" cried Steinberger, in his disgust—"you are really goot for noting; and it was better you give up all idea of the stage."

Philip made no rejoinder to this and other similar outbreaks. He was much inclined to agree with Herr Steinberger. He did not give up thinking of the stage—nor indeed did the irascible German

intend that counsel to be taken quite literally—but it was very strongly borne in upon him that he was good for nothing. He felt that it was not in him to succeed in anything beyond a certain point; he was quite sure that it was not in him to succeed in the teeth of difficulties; and, worse than this, he was aware that it was not in him to care very much, even though he should fail. "Know thyself" is a precept which has a wise sound; but if it were possible to act upon it, if we could all in truth know ourselves, how many of us would have the courage to go on living? Philip knew himself a great deal too well, and had long since recognized the futility of attempting to steer a vessel without a rudder. For some years of his life it had been amusing to drift, and certainly he had drifted in and out of some queer places; but now the edge of that form of enjoyment had worn off, and the lenient self-disparagement in which he had been wont to indulge was fast turning into self-contempt—which was by no means a change for the better. It was not so much that he was oppressed by the memory of sins which did not strike him as specially heinous ones, as that he was beginning to see that his was an ignoble, objectless life, and that it never would be anything else. Nellie despised him and—he thought—hated him; Margaret despised him and loved him: all he could do was to keep as much as possible out of the way of them both henceforth; and as they happened to be the only two persons in the world for whom he cared a straw, the future was not a very bright one to contemplate.

Perhaps he would not have troubled himself much about the future, if the present had been agreeable; but it was not so. For the first time in his life, Philip was beginning to suffer from satiety, the disease of selfish men. He was leading just the same life that had seemed to him so delightful a year before. He had quite as many friends as ever; he dined out constantly; great ladies petted him, and Bohemia made him welcome; but somehow or other the flavor had gone out of it all. In old days he had been subject to occasional fits of low spirits; but now these fits had become almost permanent. He grew so alarmed about himself at last that he actually consulted a famous physician, who told him that he had allowed himself to run down too much, and prescribed a strong tonic. The physician, being only a physician, and not a sorcerer, could not tell what was

the matter with his patient; but Signora Tommasini understood the case better. In a half-friendly, half-motherly way, she took possession of this poor outcast, whose troubles—even including that of his rejection by Nellie—she had wormed out of him, one by one. He was rather glad to tell them to her. He made no objection to moving into the rooms which she had secured for him at her hotel. He had taken a great dislike to being alone, and it was impossible to feel dull in the signora's company. It was true that she ordered him about rather more than was quite pleasant; but upon the whole he preferred being ordered about to being left to his own devices; and, besides, he did not always obey orders.

"I mean you to sing once in public before the end of the season," the signora announced decidedly, one hot afternoon.

Philip was lying full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette; for he was allowed to do exactly as he pleased in this easy-going lady's drawing-room.

"Do you?" said he; "you won't achieve it, I'm afraid. Steinberger wouldn't hear of such a thing."

"Bother Steinberger! If I am not as good a judge as Steinberger, I know nothing of my trade. Music-masters are like finishing governesses; they would like to keep you in the schoolroom all your days. Your voice will never be better than it is now."

"That," said Philip, blowing a cloud of smoke, "seems quite possible."

"I mean you," the signora went on, "to sing at the Crystal Palace in about a fortnight's time, and I will see Steinberger, and make him consent. Do you feel nervous about it?"

"Not the least," answered Philip. "I shall come to grief most likely, but it won't be through any nervousness."

"Then you will not come to grief at all. At least, if you do, you would come to grief just as much next year, or the year after. We had much better know the worst or the best at once."

"I don't envy you your interview with Steinberger. He'll give in, I dare say; but he'll abuse you like a pickpocket first. Hot weather has no effect on that man's energy."

In spite of this prediction, the signora had no great difficulty with Herr Steinberger, who was very busy at the time, and who had almost abandoned all hope that Philip would prove the means of increasing his reputation. When he was told of the arrangement which it was pro-

posed to make, he merely grinned hideously and went off into a long, guttural laugh; and, on being asked for an explanation of his behavior, he permitted himself such impertinent insinuations that the signora would have blushed, if blushing had still been among her capacities. As it was, she only joined in Steinberger's laughter, like the good-natured soul that she was, and gave him a great push, which sent him reeling into the nearest chair.

"You give me leave to do what I please, then?" she said.

"Oh, take him away—take him away!" answered Steinberger. "I make him a present to you. Only, when he is hissed from the stage, you will be so kind and not say as he was my pupil. That is all I beg!"

"The day will come when you will boast of having been his master," retorted the signora.

She had confidence in Philip's future. She remembered the time when she herself had been an aspirant of whom little was expected, and whose triumphs had not come all at once. Her own experience led her to trust the opinion of the public rather than that of the *cognoscenti*, and perhaps she forgot that her voice, if somewhat unmanageable at first, had always been an extraordinarily powerful one.

Philip allowed her to take her own way, to bustle about and secure the engagement that she desired for him. He did as she told him, practised with unremitting zeal for a fortnight, and listened to her sanguine prophecies with a smile that was only half incredulous. The continual sight of so much energy and faith was perhaps the next best thing to the actual possession of those enviable gifts.

"Where did you learn the secret of remaining eternally young?" he asked her. "It would be very amiable of you if you would communicate it to me; for I am growing old at such a deuce of a pace that I expect my dotage to come on every hour. Pop me into the caldron, Signora Medea, and let us see what kind of a stew will come out of it."

"That is exactly what I am going to do," replied the signora, with a triumphant laugh. "You want a success. When once you have had that, you won't talk any more nonsense about growing old."

"And suppose I don't get the success?"

"You *must* succeed," replied the resolute lady, with a stamp of her foot which set the chandelier jingling.

"I believe you will bully me into succeeding, whether I will or no," said Philip, laughing lazily.

It was on a hot day in July that Signora Tommasini took the *débutant* down to Sydenham in her carriage, talking incessantly the whole way to keep his spirits up. Philip leaned back and listened to her, much amused at these unnecessary efforts. He was not conscious of the smallest timidity, and only felt the least shade in the world of excitement. Lately he had adopted a soothing sort of fatalistic creed, which disposed of all worry and responsibility. If he was destined to be a famous man, he would of course fulfil his destiny; if he was destined to collapse, he would equally of course collapse. "Let us see what will happen," said he; and among all the people who were talking of the new singer at the Crystal Palace that afternoon, there was probably not one who felt a more dispassionate curiosity upon this point than the new singer himself.

The concourse was a very large one, and this was in many ways an advantage. Looking down and around upon so vast a sea of human faces, Philip felt that he could be no more afraid of them than of so many ants upon an ant-hill; he found it impossible to think of them as individual critics. It was a pity, however, that the building should also be very large. He made these reflections while he was standing, with his music in his hand, ready to begin the first air that had been assigned to him. It was Signora Tommasini who had suggested what that air should be; and the sequel showed the accuracy of her judgment. There is nothing more certain to please the majority of English people than a well-known English ballad; and there was nothing to which Philip's special powers were better adapted than to the gratifying of this simple taste. Probably he had never sung better in his life than when he treated the multitude to "Home, Sweet Home," at the Crystal Palace on that July afternoon. He had a soft, caressing method of enunciation which had its own effect; he understood to a nicety the amount of pathos that the words could be made to bear; he sang without the smallest apparent effort—"like a nightingale," as an enthusiastic lady in the front row declared.

Those who were seated farther back were not so well pleased, and thought that a little more effort would not have been out of place. The notes that reached their ears were certainly very sweet, but

then there were a good many notes which did not reach them at all. However, the people who had heard all applauded vigorously; and those who did not applaud the singer applauded the song; and the residue applauded because others did so; and so Signor Marescalchi was called upon to bow many times, which he did with a grace that was much remarked and admired.

Then he received the congratulations of the other artists, whose friendship and good-will he had for a long time enjoyed. "But you must sing out," said one of them warningly; "don't forget next time that you must sing out."

Philip shrugged his shoulders. He was not elated, and he flattered himself that he would not have been cast down if things had gone differently. He was still under the influence of that dreamy impression that he was only fulfilling his part in a fore-ordained programme; he thought that he was as free from emotion of any kind as it was possible to be; but probably there was room at the bottom of his heart for a certain feeling of self-glorification in that he was able to view matters so coolly.

After a time he had to advance once more to the front in company with Signora Tommasini, whose appearance gave the signal for a salvo of clapping and stamping, and who curtsied and bobbed her head as delightedly as if such ovations had been quite a novel experience to her. Signora Tommasini was idolized by the multitude. While she was singing, Philip was enabled to discern what an amount of vocal power was required to fill the building. "Heavens, what lungs!" he thought. "I should simply burst, like the frog who wanted to be an ox, if I tried to produce such a sound as that." Perhaps it was consciousness of his inability to perform the task demanded of him that caused him to let out his notes even more softly and languidly than he had done before; certain it is that he was all but inaudible. "A Signor Marescalchi," remarked a daily newspaper, which noticed the concert the following morning, "was announced to share with Signora Tommasini in the execution of this charming *duo*; and as a young gentleman, standing beside her, was observed to open and shut his mouth at intervals, it must be assumed that the promise was kept. Had it not been for this circumstance, we should have been inclined to question the existence of Signor Marescalchi."

The criticism, if ill-natured, was scarcely exaggerated. Philip sang sweetly and correctly; but, as far as the immense majority of the crowd facing him was concerned, he might almost as well have spared himself the trouble of singing at all. Now the British public, which is a long-suffering public, will stand many things; and if the new aspirant to its favor had sung false, it is more than likely that he would have been pardoned; but what the British public will not stand is to be defrauded of its just due. It has paid its money to hear a noise; and a noise of some sort or kind it will have, or know the reason why. Therefore, when Philip's graceful pantomime succeeded the signora's tremendous chest-notes, there arose a murmuring which, if he had stood alone, would probably have developed into some still stronger expression of disapproval. Even as it was, he contrived to rob the signora of her legitimate reward; and he led her away amidst a little desultory clapping which was almost worse than total silence.

Philip had yet one chance of removing the bad impression created by this failure; but he did not take advantage of it. He got through the Neapolitan fisherman's song, which was the third and last performance entrusted to him, after a fashion; but he was not singing his best, and was so evidently taking no pains about it, that the patience of the audience gave way, and he was roundly hissed. He paused the moment that this hubbub began, and stood contemplating the intelligent public with a faint, derisive smile until it had subsided; after which he calmly discharged himself of the remainder of his task, bowed, and retired. Anything that looks like a display of courage is always popular, and some of those who had hissed Signor Marescalchi were sorry for having done so when they saw how little he cared; others said that he could do much better if he chose, but that he was sulking because of his previous failure. In truth he was neither sulky nor indifferent; only despairing.

He kept up appearances, however. He chatted and laughed with his friends quite as usual, neither allowing them an opportunity of condoling with him nor assuming any unnatural hilarity; and it was not until he was once more in the carriage with Signora Tommasini, and they had progressed some miles towards London, that he alluded to what had occurred.

"Steinberger will be pleased," he remarked.

"You did not try!" cried the signora, who was deeply mortified.

"No; I didn't try—after the first. You wouldn't try to lift up this carriage and walk off with it under your arm. I saw that the thing was impossible; so I gave it up."

"You let everybody see that you were not trying!" pursued the signora, almost in tears.

"Yes; there was some satisfaction in that."

"What satisfaction? I don't understand you."

"There is always something flattering to one's self-love in the action of snapping one's fingers in a man's face. You don't frighten him much perhaps; but at least you are able to say to yourself that he hasn't frightened you."

"But you want to make friends of these people, not to defy them. If you go on in this way, you will very soon be irretrievably ruined."

"My dear signora, I am not going on at all—neither in this way nor in any other. I am irretrievably ruined already. Do you think I like being hissed? I assure you I like it so little that I don't mean to expose myself to the risk of its happening a second time. You will never see me at the Opera now, unless it is from beyond the footlights. No; all that is over and done with, like so many other things. You have done the best that you possibly could for me, and so has Steinberger; and upon my word, I believe I have done the best that I possibly could for myself; but we couldn't accomplish the impossible. We have tried very hard to cultivate what doesn't exist; and now that our eyes are open, we will stop trying, please."

"What will you do, then?"

"Ah, that is rather more than I can tell you. Waterloo Bridge, I think."

"Don't laugh at me; I shall not be able to laugh for a week at least. I feel this a great deal more than you do."

"I don't want to be contradictory," said Philip, lighting a cigarette; "but I doubt that."

"Then, if you feel it, why are you so easily discouraged?"

"Now, Signora Tommasini, be honest; do you think I shall ever sing respectably?"

The signora sighed. In her heart she did not think so; yet she could hardly bring herself to admit as much yet. "Perhaps we were in too great a hurry," she said.

"You didn't think that the other day. You told me, as you may remember, that if I failed now, I should equally fail two years hence; and I haven't a doubt that you were right. I have had so many failures lately that I can't burst into tears over this one; but I am crushed by it, nevertheless. In the course of the present year I have managed to lose everything in the world that I cared for; and really I don't see anything for it now but to get out of the world."

The signora, who had started by being a little angry with her friend, began to feel sincerely sorry for him. She knew that he would not blow out his brains or jump over Waterloo Bridge; but she was not so sure that he might not take to drink, or otherwise commit moral suicide, if a helping hand were not held out to arrest him.

"Oh, come," said she cheerfully; "you need not put an end to yourself because you have sung badly at a Crystal Palace concert, nor even because your cousin won't marry you. I have a dozen plans in my head which we must try yet, before we give up the game."

And she began detailing these famous schemes, some of which were a little wild, as well they might be, seeing that she invented them as she went along; but they had at least the effect of making Philip laugh; and before she went to bed that night, the signora felt comparatively easy about him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WALTER'S HASH IS SETTLED.

WITH July on the wane, and invitations growing fewer, and the term for which the house in Park Street had been hired approaching completion, Mrs. Winnington felt that it was high time for Mr. Stanniforth to speak out. That the man could mean to play her false, after all that had passed, she could not believe; and yet there were moments when a sickening suspicion of treachery crossed her mind. Why did Mr. Stanniforth studiously avoid meeting her? Why, when they did meet, did he assume so shamefaced an air? What was the meaning of the evident embarrassment with which he had told her that he had decided to take Longbourne for a year? Mrs. Winnington had no objection to his taking Longbourne. On the contrary, she thought it would be a very comfortable sort of family arrangement, and was quite disposed, not only to pay him a visit in the autumn, as he had suggested,

but to make the house her headquarters, as of old, should her relations with its occupier prove of a nature to justify her in so doing. But his manner, while giving the invitation, had certainly been rather odd; and indeed it was somewhat unaccountable that he should wish to take Longbourne at all. The more she thought of it the more she became convinced that there was some mystery connected with the affair; and Mrs. Winnington had so much leisure at this time to devote to the solving of mysteries that more than once in the course of her speculations she was within an ace of hitting upon the truth.

She had been lying upon her sofa for a whole morning, pretending to read the newspaper and tormenting herself with divers disquieting conjectures, until at last further silence became impossible to her. "Edith, dear," said she, "I know Mr. Stanniforth tells you everything. Can you guess what his object is in going to Longbourne? I feel sure that he must have some particular object."

Edith started and looked frightened, as she always did when her mother addressed her suddenly. It was not, however, the first time that this question had been put to her, and she answered, as she had done on previous occasions, that she supposed Mr. Stanniforth liked the country.

"Oh, my dear, that is no reason at all. He has a place of his own, you know; and in the natural course of things one would expect him to be shooting grouse in August. It is just possible that he might be doing this to oblige Margaret."

"Of course," said Edith, "Margaret would much rather have him in the house than a family of strangers, who would very likely have children and dogs, and smoke in their bedrooms."

"But really, when you come to think of it, that is the sort of thing that no man would ever do. Kindhearted as Mr. Stanniforth is—and I must say that he is the most kindhearted man I ever met—I cannot believe that he would burden himself with a large country-house merely in order to save his sister-in-law a little trouble. I can't help thinking that those horrid people are at the bottom of it. No doubt they have their own reasons for wishing to get him into the neighborhood again; and poor Mr. Stanniforth is so determined to think well of everybody that a child might impose upon him."

"I don't think Mr. Stanniforth is easily imposed upon," said Edith. "What horrid people do you mean?"

"Oh, those people at Broom Leas, of

course. I have always felt that that man Brune was not to be trusted. But I may be wrong. Has Mr. Stanniforth ever spoken to you about them?"

"He has mentioned them sometimes," answered Edith, trying to assume a careless tone, and failing ignominiously.

Mrs. Winnington fixed a penetrating gaze upon her daughter. "Edith," said she, "I hope you are not concealing anything from me."

Edith's powers of concealment, so far as her mother was concerned, were small indeed. When it came to direct interrogation, she knew quite well that she was done for; and her relief was proportionately great when the servant came in at this critical moment, bearing a pile of letters, of which Mrs. Winnington took immediate possession.

Mrs. Winnington's creed with regard to the sacredness of her daughter's correspondence has already been mentioned more than once; and when, after tearing open and tossing aside several envelopes containing invitations and bills, she came upon one addressed to Miss Winnington, she merely held it up to the light, observing, "A note for you from Kate," and as a matter of course treated it like its predecessors.

"I hope it is not to say that she can't take me to Hurlingham to-morrow," remarked Edith, who never expected to be allowed the privilege of opening her own letters when her mother was present, and who was not in the habit of receiving any that all the world was not welcome to read.

She was sitting by the open window, pulling the dead leaves from the smoke-begrimed geraniums that grew in the box outside, and consequently she did not see the startling effect produced upon Mrs. Winnington by a perusal of Lady Travers's note. The first intimation that reached her of something being wrong was a gasping sound proceeding from the room at her back, and, turning round, she beheld her mother, who was standing erect, forgetful of the gout, and holding an open sheet of paper in her hand. Mrs. Winnington's jaw had fallen, her eyes were dilated, and the expression of mingled wrath and horror upon her face was of a nature to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

"Edith," said she, in a deep, tragic voice, "what—*what* is this?"

Edith, with blanched cheeks and knocking knees, took the note extended to her and read it. It ran as follows:—

"Come to tea to-morrow afternoon. I shall not be in until late; but probably Walter Brune, whom I have told to be there, will manage to entertain you during my absence. It will be your last meeting with him in this house, I am afraid; for I have just been told that we are to go down to the country in the beginning of next week. I suppose you will be very sorry for yourself; but I don't know that you are more to be pitied than other people, after all. I wish I could change places with you, I know!

"Your affectionate sister,

"KATE TRAVERS."

Edith handed the note back to her mother, sank down upon a low chair, and waited. She could not have spoken if it had been to save her life. Mrs. Winnington remained standing; and for the space of a few minutes there was silence, during which the rattle of the passing vehicles outside and the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded unnaturally distinct.

"You have not a word to say for yourself, then," began Mrs. Winnington, at length. "I may take it that you have been in the habit of meeting this man at your sister's house, and that you and she have taken advantage of my illness to deceive me in the cruelest way in which a daughter can deceive her mother."

There was another short interval of silence; and then Mrs. Winnington also sat down, remarking that she had received her death-blow. Apparently, however, she had yet a few words to say before she died.

"For the last twenty years and more," she groaned, "I have thought of nothing but my children. I have indulged them, I have toiled for them, I have sacrificed everything that they might get on in the world; and now I have my reward! My sons hardly trouble themselves to write to me twice in the course of the year, and my daughters bring disgrace upon me. I only hope, Edith, that when you come to be old and ill, you may be spared the pain of being ashamed of those whom you have loved and trusted most."

Edith made an attempt to speak, but could get nothing out beyond an inarticulate murmur, and Mrs. Winnington went on,—

"How you can have the face to behave as you have done passes my comprehension! Your conscience must be seared with a red-hot iron. To think that while I was lying upon what might have been

my deathbed you were making appointments with a man to whom I had forbidden you to speak, and whom you perfectly well knew that you could never marry! I could not have believed that any one — least of all any child of mine — could have been so heartless and wicked!"

"I never made any appointment with him," cried Edith, finding her tongue at last. "Once I got an invitation to a concert for him; but that was all. I have met him once or twice since then, but it has only been by accident."

"You need not add to your guilt by telling falsehoods," said her mother coldly. "With Kate's note before me, I can judge for myself how far these meetings have been accidental. It is not pleasant to have to say such a thing of one's own daughter, but I hope it will be a long time before I see Kate again. She is a bad woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, her face reddening and her voice quivering. "She has been a bad daughter, a bad wife, and a bad sister."

Edith burst into tears. "Don't say that!" she sobbed out. "Kate has not been bad to me. I am very sorry — I know it was wrong — but it was not what you think. I always told him we could never be married — that we could only meet as friends —"

"It is easy to say that you are sorry, now that you are found out," interrupted Mrs. Winnington, not at all appeased. "If you want me to believe that you are sorry, you must give me some proof of it."

Edith looked up, and brushed away her tears. "What am I to do?" she asked despairingly.

"You may well ask what you are to do! I don't know what may not have happened while I have been shut up in the house. Very likely everybody knows about this disgraceful affair, and you may have ruined your prospects, as well as broken my heart. I can't tell you what you are to do. One thing, of course, must be done without delay; the man must be written to."

Edith got up and seated herself at the writing-table without a word. By-and-by she began a note under her mother's dictation. "Dear Mr. Brune, — My mother desires me to tell you —"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Winnington abruptly; "that will not do. My wishes and authority evidently count for very little. You must write in your own name, and tell him in your own words that he is never to address you, directly or indi-

rectly, again, and that, if he does so, you will refuse to recognize him. When you have written that you can show me the letter."

Mrs. Winington lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes; while Edith, with a shaking hand, but with very little hesitation, dashed off the following mis-sive:—

"MY DEAR WALTER,— I have just received a note from Kate, asking me to tea to-morrow, and telling me that you will be there. I cannot go; and I cannot meet you again there, or anywhere else. You know, I told you from the first that we could never be anything more than friends; but now it will be impossible for us even to be that. I need not give reasons; but you must see yourself that we could not have gone on meeting as we have done lately. I shall always feel grateful to you for having thought of me for so long as you have done; but I wish you to remember what I said to you at Longbourne, and to understand that it was the truth. I am sure that, after this, you will not attempt to see me or speak to me again.

"Sincerely yours,
"EDITH WINNINGTON."

It was thus that Edith wrote her farewell to the man whom she loved; and whether she was a coward or a heroine, or a little of both, for so writing, shall be decided by the reader, according as his or her conception of human nature may dictate.

Mrs. Winington was not pleased with the tone of the composition, but she allowed it to pass, perceiving that by no emendations could it be made to serve its purpose more thoroughly. "I suppose," said she, in icy accents, "that I must take your having written this as a proof of repentance—you had better ring the bell and have it posted at once, by the way—a proof of repentance; but for anything I know, your repentance may have come too late to be of any use. You may have lost what you will never regain."

"Yes, I have," answered Edith, alluding to an obvious loss of which her mother was not thinking. "Mamma," she added abruptly, "I have done as you told me now; I have given up everything. I shall never marry Walter Brune; but please to understand, once for all, that I shall never marry any one else."

If such a thing can be imagined as a rabbit in the snake-house at the Zoological Gardens bidding a boa do his worst,

some idea may be formed of Edith's aspect as she announced this unalterable determination.

"How dare you speak in that tone to me?" shouted Mrs. Winington, in a rage. "Am I, your mother, to receive orders from you? I know what is best for you, and I say that you shall marry a suitable person."

"I won't," returned Edith, tremulously defiant. "You can't make me, and I won't."

"I can make you, and I will!" Mrs. Winington was going to exclaim; but she checked herself after the first two words, and adopted another system of tactics. "Edith," said she, in a piteous voice, "do you want to kill me? You will kill me if you dismiss Mr. Stanniforth—for of course that is what you mean when you declare that you will never marry. What can I say to you? You treat me like an enemy. Because I love you—because I will not let you spoil your life—you hate me."

"Oh, no, no!"

"You say no; but I must judge by actions, not words. Will you not listen to reason? If I were self-seeking, as I know that you and Kate think me, why should I care what became of you? What difference could it make to me, an old woman with one foot in the grave"—here the foot referred to kicked convulsively—"whether you married Mr. Stanniforth or a pauper? Strangers may say or think what they please of me; one does not expect any charity from them; but it is very hard to be so misjudged by one's own flesh and blood. Edith, my darling, I implore you—I beseech you upon my knees not to refuse the man who loves you."

There can be no doubt that Edith's proper course would have been to confess at once that she had already refused the man, and to add that he did not love her; but this was more than she dared to do. Her mother's genuine emotion had had some effect upon her; and, besides that, she knew full well that no sooner would Mr. Stanniforth have been proved ineligible than a substitute would have been selected and pursued. Therefore she replied with deplorable casuistry,—

"I am not at all convinced that Mr. Stanniforth cares more for me than for other people. If he ever told me that he did—"

"Yes?—well?" cried Mrs. Winington eagerly.

"If he assured me of that and begged

me to marry him, perhaps then I might think of it."

Instantly Miss Winnington was enfolded in her mother's embrace. She was kissed and forgiven and wept over; and, if the truth must be told, she wept a little herself — having, indeed, some reason for weeping.

Upon this touching scene of reconciliation, in which it must be confessed that one of our heroines cuts but a poor figure, we may now drop the curtain, and proceed to a less aristocratic quarter of the town, in company with the postman who delivered the fatal letter at Walter's lodgings in the course of the same evening.

It so chanced that Walter would not in any case have been able to put in an appearance at Travers House on the following day, as he had been requested to do. For an event had occurred in the City the consequences of which seemed likely to be serious in more ways than one, and which must certainly prevent Walter from considering his time his own for the present. He had been sitting at his desk at the bank, early in the afternoon, when the head clerk had come out with a scared face, and had whispered to him that he was wanted at once in Mr. Boulger's private room. On obeying this summons, he had found his uncle lying back in his chair, snoring heavily and completely unconscious.

"We can't rouse him. Do you think we ought to send for a doctor?" asked the head clerk hesitatingly; for Mr. Boulger had reduced his vassals into so perfect a state of subordination that he was very nearly in the same predicament as that king of Spain who was burnt to death because nobody dared to take the liberty of knocking his Majesty down and rolling him up in the hearthrug.

Walter did not scruple to take matters into his own hands; but the doctor, when he came, could do very little, and candidly said so. The old gentleman was lifted into his carriage, and his nephew drove with him to Clapham, where he resigned him to the care of the housekeeper, promising to let the other members of the family know what had happened, and to return himself the next day. Then he went back to his rooms; and if he speculated a little upon the contents of Mr. Boulger's will on his way, I suppose he only did what most of us would have done in his place.

The truth was that Mr. Boulger had of late let fall several hints which were of a nature to encourage speculation upon this

subject. He had made little secret of the fact that he was a richer man even than he was generally supposed to be, and he had somewhat ostentatiously declared that his nephew John should never see a sixpence of his money. Besides this nephew John, who, if he had behaved himself, would have been the natural person to inherit his uncle's wealth, there were sundry other Boulgers of whom Walter knew scarcely anything; but, as the old gentleman had for many years been upon bad terms with them all, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that he had fixed upon some one else to be his heir. Walter was too honest to pretend to himself that his uncle's death would cause him any great grief. He did not want the poor old fellow to die; but he did, of course, want very much to come into a large fortune; and, as he made his way towards his lodgings in Bloomsbury through the heat and dust of a July afternoon, he realized with great distinctness what the possession of such a fortune would mean in his case. Already he saw Mrs. Winnington smiling benignly on the renewal of his suit; he received the congratulations of Lady Travers, and heard the ironical comments under which his father would be sure to veil the thankfulness of a relieved mind.

And then he reached home, and found Edith's letter waiting for him, and ceased forever to think about stepping into dead men's shoes. What could all the money in the world do for him now? Mr. Boulger might leave his to a hospital if he chose, Walter didn't want it. "Wishes me to remember what she said to me at Longbourne, and to understand that it was the truth," he muttered. "Oh, I understand it well enough! I have understood it all along; only Lady Travers would insist upon knowing so much better than I did. It wasn't such a very hard matter to understand, after all. The girl cared for me a little, but not enough to put up with any hardship for my sake, and she told me so. Then she thought I was forgetting all about her, and she didn't quite like that; so she whistled me back. I came, like a fool as I was, and of course she immediately discovered again that she didn't care for me. Well; I'm not surprised. One thing is, I got through the worst of it long ago. She isn't worth my thinking about, and I'll be hanged if I will think about her any more."

Resolutions of this kind are more easily made than carried out, and it would have been strange if Walter had been able to

dismiss Edith from his mind as cavalierly as he proposed to do. Fortunately for him, however, he had many other things to think about. He had to put himself in communication with Mr. John Boulger; he had to write and inform his father of the bereavement with which the family was threatened; and he was wanted at Clapham, where decency seemed to require that the sick man should have at least one relative in the house with him.

On the second day Mr. Boulger died, never having spoken since his seizure, and Walter could not help perceiving that the servants regarded him as the heir. It was to him they came for instructions as to the funeral and so forth, and he was a little puzzled how to act, until the arrival of Mr. John Boulger from the north of England relieved him of all authority and embarrassment.

Mr. John Boulger was a middle-aged man, who had probably quarrelled with his uncle in consequence of a too great similarity in their dispositions. He was not particularly cordial in his manner to Walter, nor, perhaps, under the circumstances, could he have been expected to be so; but he seemed disposed to make the best of an unfortunate business.

"The old man has not treated me well," he said; "but I don't complain. I didn't choose to truckle to him, and he told me plainly that he meant to disinherit me. If you have been more lucky, I shall not grudge you your luck."

"I don't think I have ever truckled to him," said Walter.

"Well, it makes no difference to me. I wouldn't count too much upon anything, though, if I were you. It would be just like my uncle to have left every penny to his housekeeper."

Mr. Boulger was interred with all the pomp that the occasion appeared to call for, and his hearse was followed to the grave by many empty carriages and by a very respectable concourse of relations, of whom Mr. Brune was one. Walter had thought that his father ought to be present, and Mr. John Boulger had concurred in this view. Mr. Brune had journeyed up from Crayminster, and took his place in the drawing-room at Clapham among the other gentlemen who were waiting, with the exaggeratedly careless demeanor which every one assumes at such times, to hear the will read.

His name was among the first mentioned. His brother-in-law had bequeathed him five thousand pounds "as a small token of regard." This legacy gave uni-

versal satisfaction. It cleared one competitor off the field; it seemed large to Mr. Brune, who had never expected anything; and it was too small to be grudged by anybody. A like amount went to two of the Boulger clan, who received the news of their good fortune much as a man who has bought a half-crown ticket in a State lottery, and has dreamed of securing the grand prize, receives the news that he has won twenty pounds. Then there was an almost imperceptible pause; after which the name of Walter Brune was read out with an emphasis and deliberation which seemed to presage great things. "I give and bequeath to my nephew Walter Brune" — another pause of a second, during which the ears of all present were pricked up — "the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

A profound sensation was caused by this announcement. Walter himself did not dare to raise his eyes from the carpet. He was not astonished, nor, at the moment, was he particularly delighted. He had felt sure that the old man had meant to do something of the kind, and the chief sensation of which he was conscious was the unpleasant one that all these good people must be regarding him as a robber and supplanter. He was so ill at ease that he hardly took in the sense of what the lawyer was reading, which was to the effect that the testator had desired thus to mark, not only his affection for "the said Walter Brune," but his sense of the injustice done in past years to the said Walter Brune's mother. Nor did he quite realize the important fact that the residue of the estate, real and personal, amounting to rather more than double his share, went, after all, to Mr. John Boulger, whose sterling worth and businesslike qualities had, it appeared, been more highly appreciated than that gentleman had supposed.

"So you are a rich man," said Mr. Brune to his son, as they walked away, across Clapham Common, arm in arm.

"Yes," answered Walter. "I don't know that I care much about it."

"You ungrateful young beggar! Why, I am jumping with joy at the thought of my poor five thousand pounds. Your Uncle William must have been worth over half a million of money. Who would have thought it!"

"I am very glad he didn't leave it all to me," remarked Walter. "I was half afraid he would."

"So, I imagine, was John Boulger; but both your fears and his were groundless,

you see; so you can rejoice with a clear conscience. Why your uncle should have left you anything at all, I don't know; but we must presume that the luck of the Bruness, which has been on the ebb for so many years, has turned at last. It certainly was about time."

"My luck hasn't turned," remarked Walter gloomily.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. I know what you mean — young fellows only mean one thing when they speak in that lachrymose voice; but, if you won't think me too cynical, I would venture to suggest deferentially that money turns luck in more ways than one."

"It won't in my case," answered Walter, shaking his head. "Mine is one of those hopeless cases which nothing can mend, and there's no good in talking about it."

After that he was easily persuaded to talk about it; and, indeed, talked about nothing else in the hansom which his father presently hailed, and which took them to Bloomsbury, where Edith's uncompromising letter was submitted to Mr. Brune's inspection.

"You see," said Walter, "there's no getting over that. She tells me in black and white that she'll have nothing more to say to me."

Mr. Brune laughed. "My dear boy," said he, "you are too literal. Do you mean to say that you can't trace the claws of the old cat in this? As I read the letter, it simply means, 'Mamma has sworn to shut me up in a dark room, and keep me on bread and water, if ever I speak to you again; and so, much as I regret it, I must beg you to cease following me about.'"

"Perhaps that is what it does mean; but isn't that equivalent to saying that she cares very little about me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Go and tell her to-morrow that you have a matter of seven thousand a year to lay at her feet, and no doubt she will give you the desired information herself."

"I shall not do that," said Walter decisively. "I want her to care for me, not for my money; and, supposing that she did accept me now, how could I tell what her motive might be?"

"Ah, you are already beginning to find out where the shoe of Dives pinches. But cheer up; you are not so tremendously opulent, when all is said and done, and I have no doubt Edith could make a much better bargain for herself if she chose. I should be sorry to affirm posi-

tively that Mrs. Winnington will welcome you even now."

"She won't have the chance," said Walter. "I have been played fast and loose with long enough, and I am sick of it. I shall never marry."

"If there were the smallest chance in the world of your sticking to that resolution," answered his father, "I might perhaps hesitate to try and turn you from it; but as there is none, I think you had better marry your first love — always supposing that she will have you."

Walter said he was convinced that she would not have him; but that, whether or no, he would not humiliate himself by asking her again; and he adhered to this determination so obstinately that his father, who sympathized with the young man's feeling, though he foresaw that it would not be a permanent one, ceased at last to press the point. In the course of the evening, however, he suggested a compromise.

"I mean to call upon our good friend Mrs. Winnington to-morrow," said he. "Being in town, you know, it will be only a proper act of politeness to do so; and if, at the same time, I can find out how the land lies, I suppose you won't be very angry with me."

Walter, by way of reply, only shook hands with his father, who laughed and said, "Don't mistake wounded vanity for pride, my boy. You are the least vain man I ever met, so I may say that to you. Now go to bed; and prepare yourself for a disappointment when I come back and tell you that Edith is engaged to a duke with a larger annual income than the whole of your capital."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MRS. STANNIFORTH CAN'T CONTROL HER NERVES.

COLONEL KENYON was very patient and very steadfast; but his patience was not absolutely inexhaustible, and in the six-and-fortieth year of his age and the eighteenth of Margaret's reign over his heart, he was beginning to bethink himself that steadfastness had been of little service to him in the past, while it was certain that patience could not help him much in the future. What was the good of being patient when there was nothing to wait for and nothing to expect?

"Women," said Colonel Kenyon solemnly, one evening after mess, to the old friend who sat on his right hand, "are the very deuce, unless you understand how

to deal with them. Some men, you know, treat them as toys, and I believe that's the right plan; but if you can't manage that, why, the less you have to say to them the better. At least, that's my view; I don't know whether it's yours."

The above disparaging estimate of the opposite sex was due in no small degree to the extraordinary behavior of Mrs. Stanniforth, who, a short time before this, had written somewhat coldly to inform Hugh that Philip's engagement to Nellie Brune was broken off—"which," said she, "you will consider good news no doubt"—and who had at the same time mentioned that, as she was about to let her house for an indefinite period, and could not say exactly what her address might be at first, she would be unable to correspond with him quite so regularly as she had lately done. An urgent written request for more precise information had remained unanswered; and thus it was that Hugh had arrived at the pardonable conclusion that women are the very deuce.

But, although he tried hard to be angry, he made but a partial success of it. He knew that, however foolish might be Margaret's motives for desiring to shroud her movements in mystery, they would not be selfish ones; and when he learnt that Mrs. Winington was entertaining fashionable circles in London, and that Marescalchi had been seen disporting himself in the highest of society, a painful suspicion crossed his mind that economy might be found to be at the root of this sudden wish for change. He had heard with much satisfaction of the collapse of Philip's grand scheme for turning things topsy-turvy at Longbourne; but this satisfaction had been tempered with anxiety; for, Brune or no Brune, there Philip remained, an expensive encumbrance, who would never earn a penny for himself to the end of his days, and who, as it appeared, was not a whit abashed by his failure, nor any less extravagant in his tastes than of yore.

Business and his destiny took Colonel Kenyon up to London in the last days of July. Business kept him at the War Office all the morning, and his destiny led him in the course of the afternoon to a place which it had never been one of his habits to frequent on week-days. He was walking down a certain street, on his way to his club, when an open church-door, through which a sound of subdued chanting escaped into the outer air, attracted his attention. He stopped

and peered into the gloom. He thought it looked very cool and quiet and peaceful in there, and, after hesitating for a moment, he took off his hat and stole softly up the aisle on tiptoe. The service was nearly over, and Hugh had not been five minutes in church when the congregation, which was not a large one, was dismissed. He lingered a while, thinking of that morning, nearly a year ago, when he had knelt behind Margaret in the little church at Longbourne, and wondering where she was now. Then he turned, with a sigh, to go away, and, behold! there she was, at his elbow.

She was still kneeling, and her face was hidden in her hands; but Hugh knew her at once, despite the rather strange garb in which she was attired. She wore a close-fitting black straw bonnet, without ornament of any kind, and a long black cloak enveloped her from head to foot.

"I thought as much," muttered Hugh to himself. "This is that old Jack-in-the-green Langley's doing. Now, if he has made her take vows or any tomfoolery of that kind, hang me if I don't go down and wring his old neck!"

Then he remembered where he was, and moved hastily off to the porch, where he felt that he could with more propriety indulge in profane ejaculations, while waiting for Margaret. He had to wait some time. Once or twice he peeped in to make sure that she had not escaped by some side door; but she was still there, in the same attitude, and motionless; and Hugh was made uncomfortable by the verger, who eyed him at first inquiringly, and then suspiciously, as a responsible person, with valuable church plate under his charge, and a dread of swell-mobsmen before his mind, might be excused for doing.

At length Margaret rose and made her way towards the door with a slow, dragging step. Hugh could see that she seemed to be steadying herself by the benches as she walked; but he could not distinguish her features until the sunlight fell upon them. Then he started back, with an exclamation of horror. She was extremely pale, there were black circles under her eyes, her face was drawn as after a long illness, and as she stepped out into the air she coughed in a manner which caused Hugh's heart to stop beating for an instant. Before he could speak, she had caught sight of him.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried, "have you come here to look for me? Oh, how glad I am! You must take me home,

Hugh. I can't bear it any longer; and I feel so dreadfully ill, I think I must be going to die. What made you think of coming here for me?"

Her manner was very odd and excited, her voice shook, and she trembled so much that Hugh instinctively held out his arm to support her. His consternation was extreme; but he endeavored not to show it, nor did he ask any questions, for he saw that Margaret was really ill, and that it behoved him to rise to the level of the occasion. The first thing to be done, he thought, was to get her home and send for the doctor; explanations might come later.

Therefore he lost no time in calling a hansom, and said reassuringly, "Yes, yes; I have come to look after you: and here's the cab, you see, waiting. You'll be all right now."

Margaret laughed rather hysterically. "You think I have gone out of my mind," said she, "but I assure you I am perfectly sane. Seeing you so suddenly startled me, and I began to talk nonsense. Of course you could not really have known that I was here. I caught a bad cold when I first came to London, and I went out too soon after it, and since then I have been trying to do things which are beyond me; and the consequence is that I have broken down altogether, and ——"

"Never mind about all that," interrupted Hugh. "I have come just in time to pick you up, you see. Now, if you'll let me help you into the hansom, we'll be off."

Margaret submitted without a word. It struck her as quite natural that her companion should take up that authoritative tone, and she rather liked it. He, on his side, in the midst of all his alarm and distress, was conscious of a certain inward exultation at her obedience. It seemed as if at last, after so many years, he and she had found their proper respective positions.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive to?" he asked.

This very natural request produced a curious effect upon Margaret. "I did not think of that," she murmured, shrinking back into the corner of the cab. "I am staying at a Nurses' Institution. Oh, Hugh, do you know, I don't think I can go back there!"

Hugh, who was standing up with his back to the horse, uttered an aspiration with regard to Mr. Langley, which was unheard by Margaret, and which, it may be hoped, did not shock the cabman. He

stooped down to say cheerfully, "Of course you are not going back there. I was only doubting whether you would like to go to Mrs. Winnington, or ——"

"Oh, no!" said Margaret quickly.

"No, to be sure. Not to Mrs. Winnington. Then—let me see—where shall we go?"

"How silly you are!" exclaimed Margaret, half laughing, half crying; "why do you talk to me as if I were an escaped lunatic? I had better go to lodgings somewhere, I suppose. Don't you know of any?"

Hugh at once thought of a certain quiet hotel, much frequented by the clerical dignitaries of Crayminster, where both he and Margaret had been known from childhood. He gave this address to the cabman and then sat down beside Margaret.

"You are very good," said she. And after a pause, "I ought to explain my ridiculous behavior. You know I wrote to you that I was going away from Longbourne for a time. The fact is, I took a fancy to learn nursing, so I applied to Mr. Langley, who got them to take me in at this institution."

"Brutes!" muttered Hugh, who was in a state of boiling indignation, which he had some difficulty in repressing. "So they have been starving you and ill-treating you, have they?"

"Oh, dear no! they have been as kind as possible; it was all my own fault. They told me I was not the least fit for the work, and I am afraid they were right."

Hugh grunted. "And I suppose it was they who made you dress yourself up in this—this waterproof thing," said he, looking with much disfavor at Margaret's long garment.

"It isn't waterproof," she answered with a little laugh. "If it had been, perhaps I shouldn't have got wet through on the first day, which was the beginning of all my troubles. They couldn't let me wear their dress, you see, as I don't belong to the order; but of course they expect any one staying with them to adopt some unremarkable sort of costume; so I did my best. I am afraid I have not succeeded very well in making myself unremarkable," she added ruefully.

"Not very," Hugh agreed.

"That is the worst of being so tall; the more one tries to efface oneself the more certain one is of looking a conspicuous guy. Oh, Hugh, how delightful it is to see you again! I feel a thousand times

better already. There is nothing the matter with me, really, and I believe I ought to go back to the institution."

"You may as well make up your mind at once that you will never cross the threshold of that establishment again," answered Hugh. "As soon as I have seen you comfortably settled in the hotel, I mean to go there and tell them that you have bolted. If that don't suit them, I can't help it."

In moments of great perturbation Colonel Kenyon always felt a longing to go at somebody's throat, and he almost hoped to discover some proof of cruelty or neglect on the part of these charitable ladies, so that he might relieve his feelings by giving them an outsider's candid opinion of them and all their works. Meanwhile there were more important things to be thought of.

Rooms were obtained at the hotel without difficulty, and Hugh explained to the landlady that Mrs. Stanniforth's visit had been rather hastily decided upon, and that her luggage might be expected to arrive before long. Then he ordered some tea, insisted upon having a fire lighted, though the thermometer stood at seventy-five degrees in the shade, and bustled about, opening and shutting doors and windows in some perplexity as to what ought to be done next.

Margaret sat passively watching him, too weary to question his proceedings.

"Where's your maid?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, she is with her friends! I couldn't bring her with me, you know."

"I never heard of such a thing! Give me her address, please."

And in a few minutes a telegram was on its way to the young woman in question desiring her immediate attendance upon her mistress.

"And now," said Hugh, "I think I'd better go off to that in — ahem! — institution, and get your things."

The lady superior who received Colonel Kenyon was a stout person, whose habiliments closely resembled those worn by the Sisters of St. Vincent-de-Paul. She listened to her visitor's communication blandly, and fully concurred in his observation that Mrs. Stanniforth ought never to have been allowed to go to such a place at all. It was, she added, quite against their rules to make these irregular arrangements, and she had only consented to do so in this instance as a particular favor to one whom she greatly esteemed. But she smiled in a rather provoking way

when Hugh went on to assert that Mrs. Stanniforth had "half killed herself."

"I think," said she, "you will find that there is nothing very serious the matter. Mrs. Stanniforth appears to have a very highly strung nervous temperament, and I believe she has been rather upset by what she has seen at the hospital. Probably a few days' rest will be all that will be required to set her right."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Hugh, "do you mean to say that you have been taking her to see people's legs and arms cut off? Well, this is outrageous!"

The lady superior continued to smile in a manner that was at once superior and ladylike. "When people wish to learn nursing," she remarked, "the first thing they have to do is to learn to control their nerves. Otherwise they are not likely to be of much use. Mrs. Stanniforth, by her own wish, has begun with the ordinary course; but she does not seem to have come to us with any intention of persevering in the work, and that being so, it is of course better that she should leave us. Indeed, as I told you before, we should not have received her, if Mr. Langley had not made a personal point of it."

"I shall make a personal point of giving Mr. Langley a piece of my mind the next time I meet him," cried Colonel Kenyon, disappointed in his hope of coming to loggerheads with this urbane lady, who only smiled again, and looked at him as if she thought him a very foolish person indeed.

His next step was to go off for the doctor, who, as might have been anticipated, was not at home. He left a message for him, begging him to call on Mrs. Stanniforth the first thing in the morning, and then returned to the hotel, where he was pleased to find his invalid looking much more like herself. There was a faint color in her cheeks now, and she had regained something of her ordinary serenity of demeanor; but she scarcely touched the dinner which, at her request, Hugh shared with her, and every time that she coughed the anxious colonel became hot and cold all over.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I feel of myself," she said. "I always knew that I was a poor creature, but I had no idea of how bad I was until they took me to see all those horrors." And she shuddered at the recollection.

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed Hugh. "As for the man Langley —"

"Now, Hugh, you must not scold poor

Mr. Langley, please. It was I who asked him to get me into some place of the kind, and he took an immense deal of trouble to arrange it for me."

"The more fool he! He ought to have had the sense to see that your health would never stand that sort of thing. What could have tempted you to go in for it?"

"Well, I was obliged to find some way of abolishing myself for a time. If I tell you how it was, will you promise not to be angry with me?"

"I'll promise not to be angry with *you*," answered Hugh, only laying a slight stress upon the last word, so as to be at the same time truthful and to reserve his future liberty of sentiment.

"I was getting into difficulties; that is the truth. If I had remained at Longbourne, I should have been in serious trouble before the autumn; so I decided to let the house, dismiss the servants, and live upon as little as I could for three months. I haven't quite carried out my plan, you see; but, as Tom Stanniforth has taken the place and all my expenses are so much reduced, I think I shall be able to get on now."

"My dear Margaret, why in the world did you not apply to me? Of course, you could have had any money that you required," said Hugh, bethinking himself that if difficulties had arisen with his co-executor, it would have been a simple matter for him to sell out a thousand or so of his own, and say nothing about it.

"Oh, I dared not do that! I felt that I was in disgrace with old Mr. Stanniforth as it was. And, besides, I should have had to ask for so much. I—there was a rather sudden call made upon me," added Margaret hesitatingly.

"I see," said Hugh. And presently he inquired, with all the indifference that he could muster, "Which of them was it, this time?"

Margaret made no reply; so he repeated his question, and then she looked up at him deprecatingly.

"Must I say?" she asked.

"Oh, not unless you like. Only I know it was one or other of them; so you might as well tell me which it was. As a matter of curiosity, I should rather like to know."

"Well, it was Philip, then. It is so difficult to speak to you about Philip, Hugh; because you are always sure to be against him, and I know he has done many foolish things. But we all do foolish things sometimes; and what more can

you expect of any one than that he should say he is sorry?"

"You might expect him to *be* sorry, perhaps."

"So he was sorry. He was more than sorry; he was perfectly wretched, poor fellow! And if he has sinned, he has been punished. Even you will allow that the discovery which he made about his father's marriage was a terrible blow."

"Oh, that was a great sell, no doubt."

"And then there was his quarrel with Nellie, which was worse. I must say that I think his punishment has been severe enough. He came home on purpose to confess everything to me, poor boy; and, after all, it was nothing so very unpardonable that he had to confess."

Colonel Kenyon, who considered Marrescalchi altogether unpardonable, held his peace while the history of Philip's brief married life, and of the gambling debt which he had been so unfortunate as to incur, was being related. He held his peace, because he did not wish to vex Margaret; but it cost him no small effort to do so, and he changed the subject as soon as possible by inquiring after Mrs. Winington, "who must have been feeling very anxious about you, I should think," said he. "Did you tell her what you were doing in London?"

"Oh, no!" answered Margaret; "I thought it better not to let her know that I was in London at all. It would only have spoilt her pleasure and Edith's."

"But where did they think you were? I presume you must have told them something."

"Well, I gave them a sort of a hint," said Margaret.

"Oh, a sort of a hint! And with that they were quite satisfied, I suppose."

Colonel Kenyon had to shut his mouth very tight to keep himself from saying more; and he was not sorry when the arrival of Margaret's maid gave him an opportunity for retiring without further mention of the names of Philip and Mrs. Winington. But, as he walked away, he said to himself that if somebody would take those two persons and throw them neck and crop into the Thames, society would be rid of two of its most worthless members.

Colonel Kenyon, who did not hastily condemn his neighbors, was very thorough in his condemnation of them when once he had satisfied himself that they ought to be condemned: in like manner, being slow to wrath, his anger, if roused, was hardly to be appeased by anything

short of blood-letting. A night's rest, therefore, brought about no change in his feelings towards that ungrateful pair, and he was still further incensed, in the course of the morning, by the doctor, who was pleased to couch his report in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"Mrs. Stanniforth really requires careful looking after; she has had a narrow escape of a serious illness. I told her mother, years ago, that she was a person who might easily become consumptive; and consumption, as I need hardly tell you, is just one of those diseases which attack you when you are down. She tells me she has let her place, and I am very glad to hear it. Get Mrs. Winnington to go abroad with her, as she did before, and keep her abroad for the winter. She must be amused; and she really must not be allowed to play these tricks with herself."

"I'll speak to Mrs. Winnington," said Hugh rather grimly.

"I think you had better do so; and impress upon her that, unless she wishes to lose her daughter, she must take more care of her. Mrs. Stanniforth is not a person who can take care of herself."

"To lose her!" repeated Hugh aghast. "Do you think there is serious mischief, then?"

"There is a certain amount of mischief, which may be checked, I hope. She has had a bad cold and neglected it; but that is not exactly the cause of her present illness. She is suffering from nervous derangement; the result, no doubt, of worry or anxiety of some kind, seconded by a shock to which she ought never to have been exposed. There is no occasion to alarm Mrs. Winnington; but at the same time she should be made to understand that the case is one which requires care and attention."

Such a verdict as this was not calculated to soothe Colonel Kenyon's ire, and Margaret had much ado to keep him from rushing off to Park Street, with peremptory marching-orders, before luncheon.

"It is all nonsense about my going abroad at once," she said; "and I am not at all sure that it would suit my mother to start directly. At all events, if I have to go, I am quite old enough to go by myself now. I don't think there is any necessity for your seeing her, Hugh."

Margaret, in truth, was beginning to be afraid of what Colonel Kenyon might say or do when he found himself in Park Street, and would gladly have gone thither

instead of him, had she not been quite as much afraid of what her mother might say, on receiving the confession which would have to be made. She knew that, when once Mrs. Winnington set to work to ask questions, it would be impossible to conceal the fact that 5,000*l.* had recently been paid to Philip, and she shrank from the inevitable scene which must follow.

"I certainly shall go and see her," Hugh said resolutely; "and I should imagine that she will make her convenience suit yours. At least, if she doesn't—However, I have no doubt she will."

"If you do go," said Margaret, after a pause, "will you promise me something as a great favor?"

"What is it?"

"Only to say nothing about Philip. It would distress me very much if you did, and it would be rather unfair to him, I think. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you as much as I did last night, if I had had all my wits about me."

Hugh considered for a moment, and then said, "Very well; I won't mention his name if I can help it. By the way, where did you say that Marescalchi was living?"

Margaret knew that she had given no information upon this point, and she was not anxious to do so now. "You are not going to see him, are you?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh," answered Hugh, in a careless tone, "I thought I might look him up, perhaps, if I had time. But I suppose I can find out his address at his club."

This was, unfortunately, only too certain, and Margaret saw that it would be unwise, as well as useless, to make a secret of what could be so easily discovered; so she said, "He was staying at Johnson's Hotel in Berkeley Square when I last heard from him; but that is some time ago now."

Hugh took a mental note both of the address and of the circumstance that Philip did not trouble himself to write often to his benefactress; soon after which he picked up his hat and stick, remarking that, if he didn't make haste, he should hardly catch Mrs. Winnington at home.

The last thing that Margaret said to him, after repeatedly cautioning him against making a great fuss about a small matter, was, "You will be back again soon, won't you?" and the significance of this query gave Hugh matter for reflection which lasted him throughout his walk.

From The Edinburgh Review.
PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.*

PERSECUTION is one of the fevers of society; partly modified, it is true, by race or country, but with a well-known diagnosis of its own. In former times the chief incentive to persecution was religious bigotry and fanaticism; in our own it is popular ignorance and intolerance, moved by the baser passions of envy and fear. The entire history of French democratic revolution has been stained for nearly a hundred years by this spirit of persecution. It began with the persecution of the nobles, of the clergy, and of the sovereign, until the rival factions ended in equally fierce persecutions of each other. And in our own day, under the false name of republican freedom, we see the same hateful spirit revived, which, having persecuted the religious orders and persecuted the magistracy, sought to drive from the territory of France the most illustrious, the most brave, the most high-minded of her citizens. No wonder that, in a democratic age, they should share the fate of Aristides, of Cimon, and of Themistocles, who were ostracised because they were too great and too good for Athens. If ostracism has been for two thousand years the opprobrium of ancient Greece, its recurrence in France cannot fail to excite the amazement, and we must add the contempt, of modern Europe.

The victims of persecution to whom the following pages are to be devoted, are, however, of a lowlier caste, though of most ancient lineage. But they have suffered all the more from cruelty and injustice; and surely the spirit of persecution is never more detestable than when it inflicts incalculable sufferings on the humblest members of society. Yet men persecute, as if by a horrid instinct; as if persecution were not only a parasite upon religious bodies and democratic revolutions, but an inherited taint in human nature.

* 1. *Rapport de la Délégation du Zemstvo (Conseil Général) d'Odessa sur la Question Juive.* Odessa: 1881.

2. *Rapport sur la Question Juive, présenté au Zemstvo d'Odessa.* Par C. M. BASILY. Odessa: 1881.

3. *Der Judenhass und die Mittel zu seiner Beseitigung.* Von "SULPICIOUS." 3rd edition. Stuttgart: 1882.

4. *Die Juden in der Weltgeschichte.* Von Dr. PAULUS CASSEL. Berlin: 1880.

5. *The Mendelssohn Family (1729-1847).* By HENSEL. Translated by C. KLINGEMANN. With a Notice by G. GROVE. 2 vols. London: 1881.

6. *The Jews of Barnow.* Translated by M. MACDOWALL from the German of K. E. FRANZOS. Edinburgh: 1882.

The recent persecution of the Jews in eastern Europe, which is the worst legacy of 1882, is a case in point. We have waited till the first passion of controversy was spent, and till a body of facts was before the public, but we propose now to take a dispassionate view both of the past events and of the present arguments which form the so-called *Jewish Question*. It is a question which, in England, we are fortunately not obliged to consider with any bias of self-interest. Nearly one hundred thousand Jews live amongst ourselves. In some respects they remain "the unchangeable people," but in others we see that, when planted in a foreign soil, they either drop the peculiarities of their race or are dropped by them. Chameleon-like they have acquired the hues of British culture, and they move among us, the most hard-working and generous of our citizens. But in eastern Europe the question is a very different one, complicated as it is there by mutual misunderstandings, by insane mutual prejudices, and by numerical difficulties of which we have no conception.

The Hebrews are computed to number about six million two hundred thousand souls; at least, this is the calculation adopted by Mr. Israel Davis in his excellent article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the modern Jews; and it does not differ widely from that of Bédarride, who reckons them at nearly seven millions. Russian agitators swell the calculation to eight millions, but this appears to us an exaggeration. Mr. Alderman Salomons (in 1866) told the late dean of St. Paul's that, of Jews, he conceived six hundred thousand resided in Poland; and by the last accounts one hundred thousand is certainly too small a figure at which to place their numbers in France. Austria has a large Jewish population, with a distribution of five hundred thousand in Hungary, eight hundred thousand in Austria, and five hundred thousand in the small province of Galicia. There they are so densely massed together that Francis II., when he visited a town on the Galician frontier, exclaimed, "Now I know why I am called King of Jerusalem." The real *Jewish Question* lies in these astonishing figures. It may present some other aspects, but those, as we shall show, refer rather to the greedy passions, the prejudices, and the insufficient legislation of the countries where Jew-baiting has been either permitted or fomented.

This extraordinary people of aliens, who have seen all the greatest changes of

the Gentile world, endure with unexampled courage, flourish under all circumstances and in all climates, and increase with amazing fertility. In those districts of eastern Europe where they form four, five, six, seven, ten, or even thirteen per cent. of the whole population, they inevitably possess an importance which is independent of either their industry, their cohesion, or their wealth. As they are, furthermore, rich in all these three things, they excite envy and ill-will. The Pharaohs were jealous of them when the children of Israel first grew rich in Goshen, and the hidalgos and priors of Catholic Spain were jealous when a Jew was finance minister to King Alfonso XI. Jonas Hanway, in his treatise on the nationalizing of the Jews, even when he admitted that it might be right to increase "*useful people*," complained that these were neither husbandmen, soldiers, nor sailors; and he was only half convinced that every acquisition of wealth strengthens the State, since every trader spends. He proposed accordingly that they should not be allowed to hold real property in England. The Russians, now so jealous of their active spirit, have also a religious antipathy to them, and complain, as the Spaniards did, that they give and spread clandestine intelligence. Thus the *Jewish Question*, if in one sense a new one, is in reality older than the Exodus.

Before entering on its recent phases in Germany and in eastern Europe, it will be necessary to notice some earlier chapters of Jewish history, and to speak of the main tribal divisions among the Jews. When the great dispersion took place, it found the world already colonized by the Hebrews. For the rich cosmopolitan traders of Persia, Italy, Sarmatia, and Spain, the Jews claim perfect innocence and ignorance of the dark crime of Calvary. The same plea might be urged for the Caraites dissenters, and for the earliest emigrants to Worms, who fled from Palestine after the Benjamite massacres in Gibeah (Judges xix.). In fact Boleslas and Casimir of Poland affirmed that the population of Jerusalem having been exterminated by the Roman conquest, the modern Jews could hardly be held guilty of the blood of Christ. Tradition says that the exiles of A.D. 130-136 did but adopt a former tribal distribution when they hived off in search of those earlier swarms which served as pioneers for their wandering flight. Two great divisions are still recognized among them. Of these the first, called the *Sephardim* (from

long residence in *Sepharad*, or Spain), claim to descend from the tribe of Judah, and even in a measure from the royal house of David. As such the Sephardim looked on themselves as heirs of the great and precious promises that belong to the tribe. "*In Judah is God known*," was long a favorite text with them, and they avoided intermarriage with Jewish families of mixed or unascertained descent. The second great division is that of the *Ashkenazim*, or German Jews. The genealogy of the Polish Jews, sometimes called the *Khazim*, is disputed, because, like the *Sephardim*, they claim a longer and a more unbroken pedigree than can be proved by the Hebrews who drifted later to *Ashkenaz*, or Germany. Of the Sephardic body it ought to be said that they for long enjoyed very exceptional advantages. To say nothing of the halcyon days of the Jewish patriarchates, it is certain that under the mild sway of the Arabian caliphs the Jews rose in every walk of life. Hebrew, Arabic, and that dialect of western Aramaic which was the language of Jewry at the Christian era, were all sister branches of the great Semitic speech. Then with the image-hating Moslem the Jews had many points in common, and so harmoniously did the two peoples agree, that this epoch may be called the golden age of Judaism. Hebrew traders acted as a connecting link between the East and West. Once again on those Mesopotamian plains from which their father Abraham first took his fair-faced wife, did the Hebrews grow rich. They became holders of real property in Mesopotamia, in Spain, and in Provence, and in the last two countries many of the great families trace back their descent to an Israelitish stock.

The Arabico-Jewish schools grew famous; Jewish physicians prescribed for kings; the Babylonish Talmud gradually replaced the older traditions of Jerusalem; and at the end of the twelfth century Maimonides appeared. He came to be not only the spiritual ancestor of Baruch Spinoza and of Moses Mendelssohn, but to form an era in the history of ideas. Less cold, and perhaps less subtle, than the Christian schoolmen, he left a deep mark on their philosophy. But already in the youth of this "second Moses" dark clouds of persecution had begun to gather, and to the golden age there succeeded the very iron age of Judaism. Milman says of the persecutions of the Jews in the Middle Ages that they were the most "hideous and continuous to be found

among nations above the state of savages." These times have, however, been called "the ages of faith." They certainly were the ages of the Crusades and of the "Divina Commedia." Small wonder, considering the sufferings of the Albigenses and of the Jews, that the latter should have turned away from the altars of Christendom, and have thrown themselves rather into the arms of the Moors. This attitude gave rise, however, to a genuine *Jewish Question*. Between Jews and Moors, between Arabic and Hebrew schools, between alchemists, physicians, and money-lenders, the civilization of southern Europe ran a risk of becoming wholly Semitic. There were over three hundred thousand Jews in Spain. One was finance minister to King Alfonso XI., one was physician at his court, while the populace loudly complained of the wealth and cruelty of the usurers. Hence the popular detestation of them. Hence the jealousy of this thriving caste. Hence the restrictive edicts of the Cortes. Hence the riots, the *autos-da-fé*, and the destruction of the Jewish quarters. Hence, too, the revival of the old, frivolous, and wickedly false accusations, that the Israelites insulted the host and murdered Christian children. The records of bloodshed in Aragon and Castile, when the fourteenth century closed, might give valuable hints to the Jew-baiters of to-day, and the different attitudes of the popes towards the anti-Semitic movement in Spain might at the present moment be edifying reading for the Russian minister of the interior. But we must hasten on to the catastrophe. It came eighty-nine days after the conquest of Granada, and was an event not less terrible to the Jews than full of vital import for Europe. The Semitic alliance of Moor and Jew was indeed broken up in 1492, but Spain was ruined by her own greedy cruelty, and Spanish greatness positively began to decline from the day when three hundred thousand Jews, shaking from their feet the dust of the land of Torquemada, carried over the face of Europe the wealth, the wisdom, the piety, and the industry of the Sephardim.

The edict which obliged them to leave Spain was issued in 1492, and the Jews went northwards in search of liberty and of intellectual light. Some settled in Italy, others wandered to Constantinople and to the court of King Casimir of Poland: great numbers were made welcome in Holland,* while the school of Narbonne

received a fresh contingent of learned Talmudists. From thence a strongly Jewish element passed into the world of occult researches, and into the domain of religious thought. From the Jews of Spain Cornelius Agrippa imbibed his ideal alchemy, his chimerical speculations, his Kabbalistic method. From the same source Reuchlin drew his inspiration, his mysterious doctrines, and all that literature, so to speak, of Christian Kabbalism, which the Dominicans of Cologne so strongly condemned, and which Albert Dürer so deeply admired. But Judaism had also stronger meat to set before the Reformers of the sixteenth century. Reuchlin's labors having furnished them with a Hebrew grammar, they betook themselves to the study of the Old Testament in the original, endeavoring to see where it differed from the Vulgate of St. Jerome, and to master its sense, as understood by the best Jewish scholars. The English translation known as the authorized version was mainly guided by the text-books of the rabbi David Kimchi, of Narbonne; Luther often preferring, however, for his Bible, the commentaries of Solomon Rashi, of Troyes, a rabbi who lived nearly a century earlier than the learned Kimchi. It is when we note the effects of Jewish influence on the whole generation that demanded and achieved the Reformation that we realize how the study of Hebrew told on the Christian world. The Old Testament had been too long cast aside; Old Testament worthies, stripped of their nimbus, had given place to a Christian hagiology, which in its turn paled before that revival of classical learning which we call the Renaissance. But the classical spirit was not all that was needed for a world struggling to be new-born from the mists of the Middle Ages. Serene but distant, "clear, but oh how cold!" it was insufficient. The dispersion of Jewish scholars, as it added a new element to modern culture, lent a further impetus to men determined to be free. It caused a reversion to the fountain-head of Scripture—to the progressive revelation, by Scripture, of moral and religious truth. The moral law in its simplicity swept away both the arbitrary code of the Church, and that system of indulgences which had popularized false ideas of right and wrong, false notions of the justice and clemency of God. We

d'Espinoza), and also his teacher, Saul Levi Morteira, were later refugees from Léon, settled at Amsterdam because "there every citizen might remain free in his religion."

* Both the father of the philosopher Spinoza (Michael

have gained so much by this return to Scriptural simplicity, that we must be patient when we hear Luther using against the Jews all the invectives with which Churchmen loaded him, or find Calvin and Knox impregnated with the sternness of an Old Testament judge; we must even be charitable when we are obliged to recognize some of the harshest traits of Jewish theology in the temper and tenets of our own Puritan divines. True it is, as has been finely remarked by a Hebrew divine of our own times, that "even in their punishment the children of Israel have continued their mission in the world."

By travelling northwards the Sephardic families could not fail to come into contact with the Ashkenazim Jews, who, after the great dispersion, had made their settlements in Germany. The origin of this body is much less well ascertained than that of the Spanish Jews. They were recruited out of many tribes, but their traditions affirm that, when they went into Germany, they only went to join earlier settlers, and that the city of Worms was the cradle of the Ashkenazim congregations in Europe. The history of Jewish families must necessarily be uncertain. They had to keep their movements secret; in some places they were forbidden to print or to publish books, and their libraries were repeatedly destroyed. St. Louis of France had twenty-four cartloads of Talmudic lore burnt in the streets of Paris; in Cremona twelve thousand volumes were destroyed; and a family of Portuguese Jews still cherishes, in England, as an heirloom, an ancestral copy of the Scriptures, printed in the Roman instead of in the Hebrew letter, because in the dark days of persecution it was necessary to deceive the Catholic servants as to the nature and contents of the book. The Jews have necessarily had to depend on oral accounts of their wanderings. Since their dispersion they have assimilated the intelligence of every land in which they have dwelt. They can acquire all languages, but music seems to be their birthright. If the sceptre has departed from the house of David, the harp at least has not lost its strings; and music is the voice, the solace, and the crown of a people who give proof, in their music, of emotional qualities of the highest and purest order.

The first synagogue was built in London by the Spanish Jews in 1656, and in that building were collected the progenitors of the Bernals, Ricardos, and many

other families, too numerous to be mentioned here. Grave and haughty men were those dark-browed refugees, and, though united by religious faith, no intermarriages took place for more than a century between the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim, who, after their appearance in London, had also a synagogue of their own. But time has altered the relative positions of the two tribal divisions. Lord Beaconsfield was a Sephardic Jew,* of Venetian extraction, and daughters of the houses of Bernal and Ricardo have made the most splendid alliances in England, yet it is no longer the Spanish congregation which is most heard of. It is the German Jews who, having made themselves famous, constitute the true plutocracy of London and Paris, of Vienna, and even of New York; they, as bankers, brokers, barristers, merchants, musicians, philosophers, and poets, have laid society under obligations to their energy, their wealth, their tunefulness, and their talent. How extraordinary has been their rise one may judge from the lives of Lessing and of Heine, from Auerbach's painful novel of "*Dichter und Handler*," from Comtesse d'Agout's account of the position of old Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfurt, and, above all, from the trials of Moses Mendelssohn.

Born in Dessau, in 1727, in a poor home, with every prospect of being nothing but a humpbacked pedlar, he knew the most bitter poverty. Once, when obliged to make a loaf of bread last for a week, he marked on it with ink the portion which must suffice for each day's ration. To gain information and to rise became the passions of his life. There was something of Socrates in the deformed figure, the eager eyes, the questioning spirit, and the enthusiastic temper of this Hebrew scholar, who, leaving the rabbinical lore of his own people, dwelt rather on the harmony of moral truths. Moses Mendelssohn, the Jew of Berlin, had not only to conquer the deficiencies of his early education at a time when Jews never acquired the dead languages, but also to defy the superstitions of his neighbors. He had to fight his way against the prejudice which, proscribing

* In the last months of his life Lord Beaconsfield referred with great tenderness to the influence upon his own youth of a sister who passionately loved her people, and who first fired him with the ambition to rise. The strange pages of "*Tancréd*" show how strong was the impression her Jewish patriotism made on his mind, and the last words of the last page of his last novel, "*Endymion*," are an affecting appreciation of that sister's love.

men of his race, had separated the Jews from the great stream of eighteenth-century culture. He never acknowledged in Christianity the new branch from the old root, but he did grasp the larger hope of immortality, and combined "the cool reason of the head with the warm affection of the heart," both in his worship and in his conduct, while by his success he has certainly made it easier for every succeeding Jew to take a place in life. How successful was the struggle in his own family we can realize when we hear that, fifty years after the episode of the loaf of dry bread, his son Abraham Mendelssohn-Bartholdy went to Paris (1819) to negotiate the indemnity to be paid after the war by France to Prussia. What the world owes to the musical genius of his grandson Felix can never be forgotten, while the nobility, goodness, and tenderness of the characters of Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn ought to interest us deeply in a race too often accused of possessing only harsh and avaricious qualities. There is but a solitary specimen of the success of the German Jews, and of their rapid rise to that prominence in society which money and intelligence can give. The press is now largely in their hands; in fact, society is leavened with Jews. It gains immensely from them, but it also suffers, for too many of these Jews, rich through the wonderful perfection to which they have brought the arts of commerce, are materialists of a most pronounced type. This secularism may be traced in part to that Oriental tinge in their tastes and manners which colored the novels of Lord Beaconsfield. It also arises from a pardonable pride in the comfort and distinction which they are so well able to earn for themselves; but too much of it, alas! is traceable to the worship of the seen, the practical, and the positive. Ignorant of that new attitude of the human spirit towards God and towards man which is the true development of Christianity, they are, like their ancestors, blind to the quiet, mysterious beauty of holiness. "They want sensible and tangible beauty, sensuous or intellectual rewards, glories which the eyes can see, pleasures which the senses can feel, recompenses which the flesh can enjoy, theories of perfectibility, a scheme of earthly polity and sovereignty, which shall fill all earth with luxury and abundance, which should make all the secrets and all the objects of creation, like all the treasures of man's understanding, subserve to the advancement of their

earthly interests, to the civilization and perfection of their race."*

Other-worldliness is a light which has not yet risen upon the Jewish consciousness, and how great a darkness is implied in this want! since it is a darkness which makes them look only to material promises, so that Jews of this secular type unavoidably set a tone of easy indifference, of vulgarity, and of self-indulgence, which Christian thinkers and moralists must regret. In the earlier ages of the world, the Jews were, as Paley expressed it, "*men* in religion, by the premature wisdom and humanity of their code;" but in the same ratio they have, by their rejection of Christianity, become *babes* in spiritual matters.

The Ashkenazim race is prolific beyond measure. Its offspring is literally as the sand upon the seashore, and this fact should alone suffice to give the lie to the extraordinary accusations brought by the Russian press against Jewish domestic life. Jewish marriages are arranged by the parents, and very often through the means of an intermediary agent. Unions so contracted have no doubt a greater regard to fortune than to romance, yet owing to the high tone of morality which exists in this matter, cases of infidelity are exceedingly rare, and these marriages turn out far better than the same number arranged in French Catholic families can be said to do. The children are healthy as well as numerous, and the figures which meet our eye on looking into the Jewish Question are simply amazing.

No human power has broken the solitary unity of this ancient people. They are at once a problem and a miracle, and eastern Europe has begun to ask *whether they are also a necessary evil*. Russia is impatient of a nation within a nation, of a tribal people manipulating the press, slipping into every trade, laying up, for cornering purposes, the necessities of life, and carrying on a secret understanding between its members. The anti-Semites are very weary of these separatists, who reside, but who will not eat with them; whose habits, ideas, food, raiment, ritual calendar, and day of rest are all unlike their own.

The statistics of their distribution are very curious. Scotland possesses few, if any Jews, with the exception of a few flourishing traders in the port of Leith.

* Love of the Atonement, by the Right Reverend R. Milman, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta. 5th edition, 1880.

Paris is full of them, and the three departments of the Vosges, Haut-Rhin, and Bas-Rhin, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, contained nearly forty thousand of them; yet the number of Jews in all France is not equal to the Jewish population now heaped up in the cities of Buda-Pesth and of Presburg. Compare this with the figures in Nehemiah which relate to the return from Babylon. There came back to the Holy City forty-two thousand Israelites. Of these four thousand were priests, seventy-four were Levites, one hundred and twenty-eight singers, one hundred and thirty-nine police; and this band was accompanied by three hundred and seventy-two bondsmen and two thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven slaves, of which two hundred were minstrels. Of course these figures so far from representing the sum total of the Jewish people, stand only for the return of its aristocracy, and the register will be found not to exceed fifty thousand persons; that is to say, less than a *third of the tale of homeless sufferers reduced last spring to ruin and starvation by the Russian persecutions*. Towards the close of the nineteenth century, and in the face of its boasted "progress," persecution has broken out again in the body politic of Europe. It has sprung from the same causes of self-interest, fanaticism, and envious ill-will, and it has the same old, ugly diagnosis of lust, rapine, and brutality. Its outbreaks have been proportionately severe as we recede from the centres of civilization to the semi-barbarous limits of eastern Europe, and its principal victims have been the squalid and bigoted populations of Russian and Polish Ghettos.

The anti-Semitic agitation in Germany has been mainly restricted to words, and to complaints of the unsociable temper, literary importance, and pretensions of these ambitious aliens. Some of these complaints may possibly be just enough; but as it is only a hundred and twenty years since Moses Mendelssohn had to get a written permission to reside in Berlin, the separative Jewish mind, naturally unyielding, and naturally embittered by centuries of estrangement, is not likely to be softened by hard words. An attempt to compete with them in financing has recently brought the Union Générale Bank and its abettors to ruin, and the Congress held in Dresden last September leads us to doubt whether the evil qualities of the Jews will be charmed away by the loss of employment and emolument

with which the anti-Semitic movement in Germany threatens them. The deliberations of this so-called Congress were far from creditable to its presidents, and its resolutions were peculiar. Governments were requested, for example, "to take the initiative in defending German individuality, in cherishing the spirit of Christianity (*sic*) in political and municipal life, in preventing the immigration of Jews, and in obliging the Jews to pay a poll tax, or defence money, instead of military service."

Contrast this programme with the following passage in the works of Moses Mendelssohn: "Social converse by degrees promotes affability, and from the exchange of sentiments are matured all those moral virtues which kindle the heart to friendship, the soul to interpidity, and fire the mind with the love of truth." The land of *Geist* has little credit in this movement, unless it be in the fact that the crusade has been written in ink and not in blood. In German cities personal violence at least has not been used towards Israelites whose offences, if "Sulpicius" may be quoted, consist in their extreme riches, patent success, nasal pronunciation of German, and palpable assumption that they are in character and tendencies not *one* with the Teutonic race. "Nathan der Weise," the work in which Lessing immortalized the wisdom and virtue of Moses Mendelssohn, used to be a favorite as well as a standard German classic, but it seems to be out of date with readers who have also forgotten their emotion at the death of Berthold Auerbach, when that occurred last winter in Cannes. "Sulpicius" goes on to complain that Jewish youths "have hardly an ideal: their mind is all too early turned to material aims and thoughts: what a fine task for the *not-Jews* to give an ideal to Jewish youth!" Perhaps next year this "task" may become one of the aims of the Anti-Semitic Conference. If it does not, evidently the ideal Teutonic mind is divided on the Jewish Question.

But of the persecutions in Russia what shall we say? Are they also a protest in favor of the ideal? In western and southern Russia a furious agitation has arisen, and one towards which the attitude of the government has been as ambiguous as that of the popes of the Middle Ages. Riots and murders (which, when they occurred in Bulgaria, received the appropriate name of "atrocities") are in Russia described under the refined title of "effervescences." The date and place of these riots were generally arranged beforehand,

and in many cases the rioters have remained unpunished. No restitution has been made to the victims, the homes of so many ruined families are not to be restored to them, and in the village of Liebenthal (near Odessa) a fine of fifty roubles was imposed upon any one who gave a night's lodging to a Jew. A Jewish deputation, headed by Baron Ginsberg, waited on the tzar to complain of these barbarities, and Count Kutaïssow was sent south to inquire into the recent events. The result was the arrest of one thousand persons; but no restitution has as yet been made to the Jews, though the *Zemstvo* has held lengthy deliberations, and issued the report which lies on our table.

To understand some of the points discussed in it, it is necessary to remind the reader that the Hebrews do not enjoy equal rights in Russia, whether they are bred in the country, or happen to reside in it. They are permitted to reside in only twenty-eight of its provinces, though they generally manage to insinuate themselves into the other districts of the empire. The regulation affecting residence results in the overcrowding of Jews in some places. For example, two-thirds of the population of Elizabethsgrad are Jews; in Odessa they are five per cent.; and in Russian Poland they have recently become very numerous, because the government has encouraged them to take the place and buy in the lands of the proscribed and exterminated Poles. In Kherston they possess one-eighth of the soil, but they are in reality the owners of a much larger proportion, because the estates of the local nobility are so heavily mortgaged as virtually to belong to the Jewish money-lenders. Mr. Tengoborsky's book on the "Products of Russia," so far from dwelling on the "Jewish Questions," does not contain the word *Jew*; but the luminous and exhaustive pages of that standard work were compiled before some of the causes came into effect which have recently given the Jews a marked increase of influence in Russia. Russia's extremity has been the Jew's opportunity. We have just referred, for example, to the last Polish revolution, and to its social consequences; nor ought the ruinous outlay of the Crimean War to be forgotten. Then came the emancipation of the serfs, that great measure of humanity towards the *moujik*, which, as it put a stop to forced labor on the estates of the nobles, threw so much of the land out of cultivation. The newly-freed *moujik* drank twice

for once that he drank before; only the Jew did not get tipsy, though at the inn and in the *harandas* he sold the brandy which did all the mischief. Such peasants at best would only produce enough to keep themselves, not enough to develop or to enrich their country, so that, after three years of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, the cereal produce of Russia diminished by one-thirteenth. Then the Jew came forward, ready to lend money, to sell seed-corn, to buy standing crops, to hire labor, and to have the wheat reaped and forwarded to the markets of Odessa and of Taganrog. Schevabacker's pamphlet is written by a Jew to prove to the government how essential the Jews are to Russian commerce, and he asks the government to remember how English traders have been driven, by the Jews, out of central Asia and the ports of the Black Sea. The late war in the Balkan peninsula, like that in the Crimea, caused, by its immense loss of men and money, a recurrence to the pockets of Jewish contractors. That campaign and the huge standing army created, at the beginning of the present reign, an amount of discontent which is dangerous to the son of a murdered tzar, while the settlements which took place at the close of the campaign were unsatisfactory to the personal ambition of General Ignatieff. It has been stated on what we believe to be good authority that, had there been no General Ignatieff, there would have been little or no Jew-baiting in Russia. The storm was already threatening them from Germany, when a subsidy was demanded from them as the price of their safety in the Russias. The Jews, more stiff-necked than was Abarabel when he offered Ferdinand and Isabella thirty thousand ducats to be allowed to remain in Spain, refused to give the millions demanded of them. General Abeldinsky (brother-in-law to the Princess Dolgorowky) was governor when a rescript well fitted to enrage the populace against the Jews was sent down to Warsaw. As combustible materials are never lacking there, the governor was anxious to maintain peace in his time; he therefore refused to read the rescript, or to allow it to be published. The Russian minister was, however, sufficiently powerful to carry this point, and *effervescences* of the usual deplorable pattern began in the kingdom and in Lithuania. To use the popular expression, the "*red cock crowed*" in every district: whole towns, like that of Warta, were burned to the ground; and a lasting disgrace now

attaches itself to the reign of a czar who, when he ascended the throne, probably thought of nothing less than of becoming the exterminator of his Hebrew subjects.

The calamity which has fallen upon them is not the less unparalleled, even in the annals of Jewish suffering. The part which the government has played in this disgraceful movement will never be thoroughly known; but Ignatieff is fallen from favor; the public opinion of the world has exercised some pressure on the side of order; a few of the offenders have been punished, and the decoration of three Orthodox priests, who did their best to stop rioting, is a step in the right direction. So is the new crusade against public-houses. Those provisions of the new act which prevent the multiplication of dram-shops are admirable; but when the law goes on to stipulate that brandy is to be sold at such a price that the retailer derives no profit from it, it is plain that a benevolent autocracy, while it continues to *manufacture* the brandy, intends to keep the Jew's purse empty, as well as the peasant's head sober.

Materials for the elucidation of the Jewish question have been collected in Odessa by nine experts. Justices of the peace, *starosts*, and village notables were interrogated, and the result now lies on our table in the shape of a report, which, aspiring to be more than a mouthpiece of the grievances of the peasantry, defines the position of the Israelites, their numbers, their trades, and, above all, their relations with the rural population. "Out of 1,947 Jews who are males, 75 till the soil, and 233 are artisans, 108 are in the corn trade, 287 keep stores and taverns, 77 are brokers or agents, 14 are usurers, and 972 have *no fixed occupation whatever*." If nothing in this report is exaggerated, something at least is here set down in malice, for there also lie on our table at this moment the schedules of a proposed emigration of the Jews *en masse* from Odessa. Out of one hundred and eleven heads of families, whose names, ages, occupations, addresses, and tale of children are all filled in for the use of the emigration agents, we find that *four-fifths* of these persons are pedlars, fruit-hawkers, shoemakers, hatmakers, copper-smelters, carpenters, reapers, street musicians, and cigar-makers or vendors, while the remaining fifth comprises an apothecary, a genuine peasant, and a peasant from the Roumanian colonies. The rest are represented as *arbeiter*, that is to say, as persons gaining their living

by doing any work that offers in the city and port of Odessa, and it is hardly fair to describe them all as persons "of no fixed occupation whatever, *who hang about the rich Jews, those capitalists, who have the monopolies of corn and wool. There are two hundred and fifty dram-shops in the district, of which one hundred and forty-five are kept by the Jews; but through mortgages, simulated sales, and other tricks,*" the Jews are the real owners of that traffic in brandy "which so deeply demoralizes the Russian peasantry." This observation has a moral sound, but it is only fair to remind the reader that in former days the right of distilling corn and prune brandy was, in many parts of Poland, a monopoly, leased by the nobles to the Jewish *arrendators*, and that the manufacture of brandy is at this moment one of the chief sources of imperial revenue in Russia. "It follows from these figures," says the report, "that out of nineteen hundred and forty-seven Jews, fifteen hundred and fifty-nine have ill-defined professions — "*do not produce anything, but subsist and grow rich at the expense of the peasantry.*"

Though the figures in this case are wilfully misleading, there is at the same time a good deal of truth in the arguments used by M. Basily. We only think him unfair when he forgets that one of the problems of our age is the distribution of what is produced among consumers, and that in this industry at least the Jews really excel. He expects them to be all at once consumers, distributors, and producers, because his country cries out for a number of industrious tillers of the soil. Russia, though rich in her vast internal resources, is always poor as regards the supply of her wants. Her productive forces lie, so to speak, in reserve, and, in spite of her rich black soil, the supply of corn is, in some of her provinces, inadequate even to the local demand. It is no doubt, then, very provoking to find the Jews so averse to husbandry. Colonies have been granted to them on the same favorable conditions as the empress Catharine first granted to her German colonists, but the two experiments have had very dissimilar results. Where the Germans have flourished, the Jews have failed altogether. On the other hand great numbers of them have been compelled by the military conscriptions of Nicholas to acquire a handicraft during their service in the regiments. These experiences must have been distasteful to them, the more so because their co-reli-

gionists often refuse to consort with men who for years have associated with Christians and eaten *trefe* food. Yet, even with this risk in the background, the Russian and Polish Jews will prefer any handicraft to tilling the soil.* The failure of the Jewish emigrants in America is but another proof of their dislike to husbandry, which seems so invincible that we shall be curious to know whether Count Schouvaloff's experiments (in the government of Kieff) turn out to his satisfaction. At this moment two hundred Jews are working on his estate, where they earn sixty kopecks a day (eighteenpence).

This dislike to agriculture seems to lack explanation. Is the reason to be found in the pathetic words of the Scotch song, "This is no my ain land;" or in the fact that the Babylonish Talmud substitutes commerce rather than the old federative and agricultural life of Palestine? Does it spring from the restlessness engendered by alien habits? To our thinking it ought simply to be ascribed to long-continued training in one direction—in the mysteries of money-making, money-changing, and money-lending. The Jews have lived by their wits for centuries, and according to all the laws of evolution the traders have evolved themselves into traders! The *monjik*, on the other hand, observing that the Hebrew neither toils, nor spins, nor gathers into barns, is convinced that "commerce means other people's money." To ill-will then, rather than to fanaticism, must their Jew-baiting be ascribed.

Religious feeling [says M. Basily] is less developed in our southern land than in Great Russia, or even in Little Russia, where that feeling gains strength by the remembrance of the old persecutions of the Orthodox by the Catholic Poles. Our peasants and townsfolk are accustomed to live on good terms with the Tartars, with Catholics and Protestants, and with the Raskolnics. They live also with the Caraité Jews, those simple people who, obedient to the old Mosaic Law but not to the Talmud, are not associated under that *Kaghal* which really dictates to Judaism. The *Kaghal* exists in Russia *status in statu*; that is to say, a community of individuals united by a common interest, a compact community, having the same wants and the same aims. This union has been the growth of centuries. Israelites are all trained in one direction to help each other, to act together, to rely on their own exertions, and on this organization for

defence: such is their aim, and hence the indestructible association of the *Kaghal*.

It is necessary for the elucidation of the curious matter of the *Kaghal* to say that this is eminently a case in which one tale is good until another is told. By Baron Ginsberg's deputation, by all respectable Jews in Russia, and by all Jews, good, bad, and indifferent, *out* of Russia, the very existence of the thing is denied.* None the less do the officials and the peasantry of eastern Europe complain of a tribal union which exists, and of a clandestine manipulation of the press which has led to the belief that Jews can buy immunity for their misdeeds. Mistrust of the Hebrew race is increased by an association which is held to combine the peculiarities of free-masonry, trades-unionism, and boycotting. The truth is, the association, though nominally a religious one, is the growth of injustice under the historical conditions which have endured for centuries, while narrow and superstitious notions of religion continue to make the power of the rabbis very great among the *Chassidim*, or straiter sect.

M. Basily's report admits that the so-called *Kaghal* presses heavily on the poorer Jews themselves. It dictates every social and religious question to its members; it collects funds, pays newspapers, levies fines, drives men forth on pilgrimages from which they are ordered never to return, and it punishes, by excommunication, those who offend against its rules. A man who lies under the *cherem* (or great curse) finds that no one will buy his corn, his boots, his combs, his newspapers, his pig's bristles, his goose-feathers, his brandy, or his philtres; no one will visit him or eat with him, no one will mend his door or his window; his very tomb will be silent, for the snow and the autumn rains will fall on a nameless grave. A threat of the old law was that "his name shall be blotted out," and the *Chassidim* of eastern Europe give, to one who has died under the curse, a headstone on which is to be found neither the insignia of his tribe nor the name of the man who in death, as in life, "*was left terribly alone.*" This war of all against one is an audacious attempt on the part of a community to arrogate to itself the functions of the State, and as such it ought to be dealt with in Russia as it is in Austria.

* They like to say that, of their greatest rabbis, Hillel cut wood, Jochanan was a shoemaker, and Isaac was a blacksmith.

* Braffmann, a renegade Jew, wrote a pamphlet on the *Kaghal* (Odessa, 1863), but this book, like its translation (Paris, 1872), has been bought in, and it is no longer possible to procure a copy of either.

It is there a punishable offence to use the *cherem* as a means of extortion and annoyance; therefore, in this matter of the *cherem*, as in that of the dram-shops, and of the houses of bad fame (both so largely in the hands of the Jews), as well as in that of the rate of usury, the Russian government has the solution of all these so-called "Jewish Questions" in its own hands. Such questions are simply matters of domestic legislation, affairs for the minister of the interior and for the police section.

The next grievance against the Jews is that they object to registration. They certainly do avoid, when they can, having their births, deaths, marriages, removals registered; neither are they always anxious to enrol themselves under the heads of their occupations, since "usurer," "brothel-keeper," and "informer" do not look much better on the leaf of a register than they do on a head-stone. Like the *Raskolnic*, the Jews have also a religious prejudice against being numbered. Yet here again the Austrian government has disposed of the difficulty, and every Austrian Jew is now not only registered, but is obliged to have a surname to which he answers: hence the mass of names like "Morgenstern" and "Abendstern," which have come to replace the "Chaims," "Itzigs," and "Yankels," that used to prevail among the Hebrews.

The last and heaviest item in the list of Jewish sins is the matter of usury. To the old law commercial avocations were unknown: the idea of *capital* had not been seized by the patriarchs, whose wealth lay chiefly in flocks and herds; and usury, when it first appeared, was absolutely condemned. Long before the Christian era the Jews, however, having learned the methods of the Syrian traders, became traders themselves, and from the hour that they ceased to possess a country, they have thrown themselves with passion into the traffic in money. By their superior intelligence, sobriety, perspicacity, and mutual support, they have now obtained the monetary control of the world. The report from Odessa complains that they have benefited too much by the loans which can be effected by the State banks. "Though the amount of taxes paid by the Jews is small, they take to themselves the right of borrowing millions. With their millions, they monopolize the trade in grain, buy the standing corn, command local labor, in short, plunge into a whole series of usurious experiments."

It is rather difficult to see how the banks are to be prevented from lending money to Jews so long as they command the very best securities, but there can be no doubt as to the fact that the Jews lend more than they borrow. They may do the one occasionally, but the other is their great *raison d'être*; and as eight-tenths of an ignorant peasantry and nine-tenths of a bankrupt aristocracy are in debt to them, it will be difficult to prevent the Russians from hating usurers who, whether they be Jewish agents in Podolia, or Hindoo money-lenders in the Deccan, or "gombeens" in Galway, are as a class all alike rapacious and successful. These usurers might be less essential if the taxation of the Russian peasantry were less excessive; but as in the *gubernaja* of Novgorod the imports exceed the rental by 565,100 roubles, the *monjik* must borrow, and the blame of his misery cannot be entirely charged upon the Jews.

As far as the grain trade is concerned, a calculation shows that last year not more than one-fifth of the harvest produce of Russia had been garnered, or brought to the Russian sea-ports. The reason of this, says the *Internationale Getreide-Zeitung*,

is that the Jews, since the disturbances, have ceased to deal with the Russian population; will lend the farmers and landlords no more money, will buy no more grain of them, and will not use their carrying and mercantile machinery for shipping grain. The consequence is that considerable quantities of corn rot in the fields and are eaten by the mice. Messrs. Ignace Ephrussi and Co., the well-known bankers of Odessa, and the most important house in South Russia, have dissolved a business established since 1834. The withdrawal of capital, activity, and intelligence from the Empire will seriously affect the grain-markets of Europe, and must be in the first place ruinous to Odessa, which, after complaining of the Jews and their bargains, is left to regret the ruin which the outraged Hebrews are able to bring upon it.

Every country has the Jews that it deserves to have; and if the Russian and Polish Jew may be conceded to be an unpleasant specimen of his race, he has at least a rather more intellectual life than the peasant whom he cheats. Nor are the Russian Jews likely to improve in their present medium. Till they have equal rights they will continue to hold together in that aggressive fashion which Mr. Goldwin Smith calls *tribalism*. And what notions of equity are they likely to learn in districts where the lands of Polish

nobles, put up to forced sale by the government, can be bought in by themselves at a nominal price? What sense of justice is cultivated by imperial judges who receive bribes and expect gifts? Why should the Russian Jew go softly when capital hardly exists but in his hands, when society, such as it is, is held together by Jewish loans; when the country, half peopled, and quarter civilized, is crippled by an overgrown and unproductive army?*

But it is intolerable, retorts the Russian Jew-baiter, that the Semitic brain should assert any superiority over the Slavonic one. This brings us to the extraordinary measures recommended in some of the governments. We will not pause to speak of M. Chegarym's pamphlet on "The Annihilation of the Jews;" its amazing title speaks for itself; and we will pass rather to the recommendations sent in from Kherson and Pereyeczlar. Jews are not to be allowed to enter any schools of the higher education; Jews are not to teach in any school; Jews are not to have Christian servants; Jewesses are not to wear silk or satin; and Jews are not to dispense medicines. The last restriction reminds us of a mediæval squib which attributes to Jussuf, prince of the Jews of Constantinople, the following advice to the persecuted Jews of Spain:—

Of what you say concerning the King of Spain wishing to make you Christians, do so, since you cannot do otherwise. As to the order to plunder you of your goods, make your sons merchants, and plunder them of theirs. They destroy, you say, your synagogues: make your sons clergymen, that they may profane their religion and their churches. If they afflict you with other vexations, strive to get State employment for your children, in order to avenge yourselves. For what you say of taking away your lives, make your sons *apothecaries and physicians, and take away theirs.*†

Whether General Ignatieff ever heard this story or not we know not, but it is hard to believe that he and his friends had no fanatical or covetous motives, or that the effervescences were not got up to order. Grant that the Russian and Polish Jews have a thousand disagreeable qualities, the Galician Jews are not so very unlike them as to explain away these two facts, viz., that Russian Jews are baited,

robbed, and murdered (1880) in Odessa; while in Galicia, during the revolt of the peasants against the landowners, not one hair of one Jew's head was touched by insurgents bent upon a rough and ready revenge for old and oppressive abuses. M. Basily ought to have thought of this modern instance before writing that "these riots, as measures of popular justice, had no admixture of cupidity." The Jews themselves value the property destroyed in Odessa at 1,187,881 roubles; Consul-General Stanley puts it under 3,000*l.*; and, whether we adopt the maximum or the minimum, the facts remain that property has been destroyed, and that, as a result of the "effervescences" of the last two years, one hundred thousand miserable families of the Hebrews have been driven from their homes; no restitution has been offered to them; and no money has been forwarded to the Mansion House Fund. Well might the lord mayor say of these creatures, "who had escaped from Russia mostly with their lives and the scant rags that cover them, that their distress and destitution are unspeakable." Lord Shaftesbury says that "since the age of Titus nothing so hideous has been seen;" and Victor Hugo "laments the monstrous phenomenon of persecution which has risen before the eyes of Christian Europe."

But whither are the Jewish emigrants to turn?

Germany cries out against Jewish immigrants; the exiles have been eminently unsuccessful in the United States; while Hungary exclaims that, having already far more Hebrews than she knows what to do with, she cannot and she will not have a hundred thousand more Jews quartered upon her.

The Jewish population of Hungary is about five hundred thousand, and, thanks to this fact, and to strong agitation on the part of those ultra-*Liberals* who would fain upset M. Tisza's government, and at all times prefer fishing in troubled waters, *effervescences* have also arisen in Hungary. The Jewish question, of which Hommel says that "it is the most burning one of our decade," there promises many complications, and the disease of persecution has already exhibited the familiar premonitory symptom. A Hungarian delegate at the Dresden Conference rose up to tell a monstrous tale; and a Hungarian press correspondent, belonging to the anti-Semitic party, promulgates as authentic the murder of a young Christian girl, called Esther Solomozy.

* Peace footing: 830,075 men, and 94,625 horses. War: 2,140,300 men, and 257,300 horses.

† Amador de los Rios quotes this forged letter from the MS. in the Library of Madrid. It is also copied into a curious MSS. history of the nobility of Provence which exists in the Library of Grasse.

After the most diligent search her body could not be recovered. It appears to be a fact that large sums of money were offered to the girl's mother by the Jews to induce her to represent her daughter as being always of a roving disposition, and possessed of such a mania for wandering that she was likely to have strayed away to some relations at a distance. It is a further fact that the two Jewish boys whose statements about Esther first led to the belief in her murder, *have never* retracted their assertions, or even contradicted themselves. The magistrate who conducted the inquiry, wishing to trap one of them, said, "Oh! but Esther is alive, for she has come home." The boy replied gravely, "That cannot be, or else we are not alive." To baffle him further, the magistrate added, "Well, I am going to summon her now." The reply was, "As miracles do not happen nowadays, there is no resurrection possible for the girl whose throat we saw cut." The inhabitants of the district of Tisza-Eszlar are in a state of excitement, and *this story cannot fail to add a dark page to the history of fanaticism.*

We are quite convinced that it will do so, though not in the sense in which the Hungarian writer intended it; for, when the newspapers announced, a few weeks later, that the body of Esther had been found in the Theiss, the discovery of her uninjured corpse was most unwelcome to the agitators. They hastened to declare, first, that it had never been found; next, that, having been found and buried, it ought to be dug up for a fresh examination; thirdly, that the editor of the *Freie Presse* was a Jew; and, finally, that the whole influence of the house of Rothschild had been used in Vienna to hush up the tragedy. This extraordinary accusation—that of sacrificing a young Christian child, or maiden, at Easter—is quite familiar to the Jews. They have got a specific name for it, as if for the plague or the cholera, and they expect its reappearance from time to time, while they are painfully aware that it is ever, like the stormy petrel, the herald of a new persecution. In 1080 the Jews were all banished from France, and their wealth *confiscated*, on account of the sacrifice of a boy at their Passover. In 1432 they were said to have pricked St. Wernher of Bacharach to death—indeed it is noteworthy that the greater number of these imputed crimes happened in that fifteenth century which was so fatal to the Jews all over Europe. In 1442, three Israelites were reported to have murdered a child at Trent, and all the Jews were seized, tortured, and *robbed*. In 1443, the Jews of Milan, when accused of the same crime, had to *pay* twenty thousand florins;

and in 1490, Juan di Passimonto was added to the list of Spanish saints because of his supposed sacrifice at Guardia. The same things happened in England. For attempting to crucify a child at Norwich, they were *fined* twenty thousand marks (A.D. 1226). They crucified a child at Lincoln, and, after a mockery of a trial (A.D. 1255), eighteen Jews were hanged, and little St. Hugh was canonized. For the crucifixion of a child at Northampton, fifty were hanged; and a few years later, (A.D. 1287) the Jews were sent out of England, where they did not reappear till they received permission from Cromwell to settle in London, and to build a Spanish synagogue there.

All this is horrid enough, but, urges the Hungarian agitator, "this particular murder *must* be true, for the Jews cut Esther's throat two days before Easter, just as the Jews of Damascus did to the Père Thomas." Thomas the Capucin and his servant disappeared in February, 1839. A Jewish barber and seven aged Jewish merchants were fastened on as his sacrificial murderers, tormented, and induced to make something which the French consul treated as a confession. They afterwards stoutly denied everything that they had admitted, and the Austrian consul, M. Merlato, tried to soothe the popular excitement, but advice such as his is seldom listened to. A general rising on the part of the Syrian Christians took place, and though Sir Moses Montefiore, always generous and patriotic, went to Cairo, to obtain redress from headquarters for his co-religionists, the populace is to this day convinced that the Père Thomas fell a sacrifice to Talmudic rites at the Paschal feast. In Roumania, in Moldavia, in Russia, and in Poland, the same belief still obtains, and a Russian writer says that "as Easter approaches the terror of the peasantry is quite unfeigned." So we imagine is their fear of ghosts, and their belief in the *rossalka*; just so unfeigned is the Highlander's credence that such and such a lake has its *kelpie* or its "water-horse;" and still more nervous is the Roman vine-dresser about the *evil eye*, or the Limousin peasant about the *were-wolf*. Time was when that mysterious wolf had his thousands of victims, and when learned bishops composedly sent to the stake wretched women who on one day in the week became wolves! Yet the French peasant of to-day is not encouraged to fear the *were-wolf*, and has never with his bodily eyes beheld the animal he dreads, so he

has less excuse for fearing it than the Russian peasant has for anticipating the possibility of a *murder which has a religious or sacrificial object*. To him are well known both the crimes of the *self-mutilators*, and of the *Stranniki* (who think it right to take the lives of heretics), and he is aware of the baffled efforts of the police to deal with the baffled efforts of the police to deal with the *Bezpopotzi* of Yaroslav, who murder new-born infants. Such incidents explain how an ignorant peasantry will drink in any tale of horrors, were it ten times as lugubrious as that of Esther, the maid of Tisza-Eszlar. But Esther will have her victims, as she already has her adherents. The riots in Presburg may be said to be dedicated to her memory, and, to lay the disturbance which has been raised by her name, the troops have had to be called out in the region of the Theiss. The Russian press is delighted, because there is now another Christian country which can divide with holy Russia the disgrace of Jew-baiting; but, in spite of its sombre and self-gratulatory prognostications, there is every reason to hope that a firm and enlightened government will render any continuance of this unprincipled agitation impossible within the limits of the Austrian Empire.

Various schemes were started last year for housing the exiled Jews. Their emigration to America proved a miserable failure, and Mr. Laurence Oliphant's scheme for planting them along the brook Jabbok was utterly chimerical. English Protestants looked with greater favor on the fund collected by Lady Strangford and the Earl of Shaftesbury for the colonization of north Syria by the Jews. But this idea does not meet with a hearty response from the Jews themselves: they do not cordially wish to be *taken* back to Palestine or its borders; though, on the other hand, it must be said that the Jews of Bucharest have combined to form colonies at Lydda, and factories at Jaffa, which promise well for the future of their trade along the Levant. The Mansion House Fund has had a great and a deserved success. With such a chairman for its executive committee as Sir Julian Goldsmid, it has been able to do wonders. Not the faintest suspicion of proselytising has attached to that noble expression of English sympathy, and it has deserved the praise of a very practical people for the very practical nature of the work it accomplished through the trying summer of 1882. Paris has been the scene of an immigration at the expense of the house

of Rothschild which is worthy of being commemorated wherever the words patriotism and charity are known. Five thousand persons were brought by Baron Rothschild to the outlying quarters of Clignancourt, Mont Parnasse, and the like. New houses had been painted and papered for them, and food and bedding sent down to meet the exiles. Each one of them received 1s. 3d. a day until some means were discovered to render each individual independent. These five thousand persons make a large deficit, even in the purse of a Rothschild, and still the Jewish question looms darkly on the horizon, unanswered as regards the local habitation of many thousands of Hebrews. In England there are hearts and brains which in the face of the Jewish difficulty are elaborating a large measure for their relief. But we fear they have little to hope for from the scheme advocated by M. Cazalet in connection with the project for the Euphrates Valley railway, as backed by the universal panacea of an English protectorate.

In the present state of the Egyptian question it would be premature for us to speculate how many decades must elapse before an emigration such as M. Cazalet sketches can be resolved on, not to say carried out in Syria; and it will be more to the purpose, before bringing this paper to a close, to inquire how the Jews regard the question of a return to Palestine.

Without being obliged to believe the cynical story of the Jew, who said that he and his were *pas assez bêtes* to return to Jerusalem, it will suffice to say that the Jewish mind is not at this moment turned towards a reoccupation of the old historic boundaries. Three classes of minds object to it. The first consists of the large-thinking persons who would not limit the brilliant prospects of the spiritual future of the Jewish race within a geographical boundary. They believe that the Jerusalem of the latter-day promises is *not* a local habitation, just as there are Christians who feel that the mere restoration of the Israelites to Palestine would be no true fulfilment of prophecy; the good things of the Land of Promise having been but types of Jehovah's love to his people, now so much more clearly declared in the person and mission of Christ. A very opposite class are the ultra-orthodox, who feel that it must be impious to buy land, or to have land bought for them, in the country which they expect to receive again directly from the hand of God. Practical thinkers, again, recognize that the country of Pales

time is too poor and too small to afford nourishment to over six million Hebrews; perhaps even to afford standing room for them all, were they to be suddenly swept back within its limits. They are also aware that under Turkish officials their lives and fortunes would be very insecure.

As matters stand at present, the Jews who do inhabit their own land are poor, dirty, and unthriving; yet it is none the less true, that an odd change of manners and temper comes over even the poorest Jew as soon as he treads again the streets of that city of David, to breathe the air of which is wisdom, while its soil is happiness to the living, and to the buried dead insures a share in the first resurrection. Prince Lubomirsky, once an extensive landowner, and owner of Christian and Jewish *souls* (to use the proper Russian term), met in Jerusalem an old tenant of his own who would not so much as recognize his former lord.

"How, then, do you not recognize me? I am the Prince of Doubno." He turned roughly aside. "Oh! I recognize you well enough, but I wish to be let alone," and as he murmured a word which surely was "Raca!" he brushed his sleeve, and disappeared into a side street.

Much scandalized, and rather vexed, I narrated my adventure at my hotel, where I found that it surprised no one but myself. I was informed that the Jews, feeling themselves to be here on their own ground, hate us all, and particularly dislike the Russians. I determined to inform myself with regard to Yankel. I had always had easy relations with him at Doubno. If he came up to the castle while I was at dinner, I used to give him a glass of wine, and then he would drink my health, after kissing my sleeve. Yankel is now an elder in Jerusalem, rich, benevolent, and well thought of in the City, where, being *Cohen*, he reads prayers. I used all my influence to have a visit from him at my hotel. At last Yankel came. As I entered he rose up. He no longer kissed my sleeve; it was rather for me timidly to offer my hand. He took it with visible repugnance. "You seem to have a grudge against me; what have I done to you?" "Why have you come to Jerusalem?" "I have come as a pilgrim: to us as well as to you it is a Holy City." He shook his head. "Are you happy in Jerusalem?" "Certainly; the City is holy and beautiful; only people *will* come to it who have nothing to do here." "Jerusalem is *holy*, I grant you, but it is not beautiful." "If you don't like it, why do you come here to annoy those who come here to pray?" I now lost my temper. "Why, my friend Yankel, even though you do live in the Holy City, you might as well be civil to me, if it were only for the sake of all you cheated me

of in——" "*I cheated you?* ha! ha! and now what do you propose—that I should give you my friendship in return for your contempt?" He rose and went to the door, and added, "You see that it was no use to disturb me." I had certainly found a different man in Jerusalem from the one I had left at Doubno.

The Jews are the least proselytizing people in the world. They consider the truth, or rather the knowledge of it, to be a national perquisite, and by no means intended as either glad tidings or great joy for all nations. Their sermons exhort to deeds of kindness and to almsgiving, but never to any endeavor to disseminate the doctrines to which men owe their moral dignity and their spiritual life. Proselytes from Judaism are also rare. Isaac Disraeli, even after he had had his own son baptized, seemed to take a sort of grim pleasure in chronicling, in his "*Genius of Judaism*," the small success of the London Mission. A good many conversions have been effected lately in Alexandria, and the last Russian return puts the number of converts at three hundred and ninety-eight, which is however but a small proportion out of the ten thousand five hundred and seventy-one souls reported to have recently joined the Orthodox Church. All conversions in countries where legal disabilities exist must be viewed with suspicion, whether they are obtained by benevolent persons among the indigent and unthriving, or have been adopted from prudential motives by the place-hunting class. Genuine converts to dogmatic Christianity—such as Neander, the late Dr. Wolff, the Père Ravignan, Dr. Paulus Cassel, Dr. Edersheim, and Adolph Saphir—are as rare as they are interesting.

The Jewish race exhibits a peculiar power of amalgamation, without real fusion or union—witness the existence of several thousand, who, near the ancient Thessalonica, conform outwardly to Mahometanism, without really abjuring their national creed, and without allowing intermarriages with the Turks. In all countries they catch something of the prevailing spirit of the age—of that *Zeitgeist* which is the unseen compeller of all our minds, and against which even Hebrew tenacity itself is not proof. For example, the liberal and philosophical deism of the French synagogues threatens to make rabbinism a thing of the past in Paris. In Germany we note such a drifting into indifference alike to the Mosaic Law and to the Christianity professed around them, that a large portion of its modern infidel-

ity is now carried on Jewish shoulders. In England there is still a large and influential orthodox party, and in the City, where the Jews keep together in large numbers, one might fancy oneself transported into a very strange, as well as very ancient, world of thought. Of this party the *Jewish Chronicle* is the organ, and over it the Adlers have for many years held a sort of patriarchal sway. This region of manners is, however, being slowly invaded by the Reformed Jews. Here we find tribal fidelity with an enlarged mental horizon. Some of the Reformed Jews are exceedingly faithful in matters of food and ritual, others again are more lax in these respects. In declining the authority of the Talmud, their position approaches that of the old sect of the Caraites, but they have none of the naïveté of interpretation of those so-called "Protestant" dissenters, for they deny the verbal inspiration of the *Thorah*, or law, and in their synagogues use a slightly modified liturgy. Many of the most intellectual and influential Jews belong to this reformed party, and from them come subscriptions, not only to all our great national charities, but to an institution which, like Girton College, embodies all the progress and all the aspirations of the nineteenth century for the higher education of women.

The most advanced class of Jewish thinkers has for its spokesman Mr. Claude Montefiore. Renouncing the differences (and it is a large order) which exist between distinctive, historic Judaism and that theism which has for its central truths the spirituality and unity of God, it is difficult for us to realize that they do not also drop much of their distinctive tribalism. No greater contrast to the narrow Talmudism of the Chassidim sect can be offered than by this extreme breadth of view, as tolerated in England and America. Absolute liberty of personal convictions, and that corresponding sense of personal responsibility in matters of faith (which Protestants value so highly), are claimed by such teachers as Mr. Claude Montefiore. He disclaims, on the other hand, any wish to make converts. His position he assumes to be a purely Jewish one, yet in the present state of religious thought in England we think it not impossible that he may find recruits come to him from the party that, abjuring distinctive, historic Christianity, leans to the side of theism. Needless to say that the Jews who follow him connect the Messianic prophecies no longer with a personal Messiah (an important scion of

the famed house of David the son of Jesse), but limit their aspirations to a general promise of the cessation of strife. They believe that peace upon earth and good-will among men is to be gained through the progressive advancement of mankind.

These diversities of opinion are all more interesting to the Jews themselves than to their Christian neighbors, till we come to the large and always increasing class of those who acquiesce in, but do not profess Christianity. Women of this school will carry about the "*Pensées de Pascal*" in their pocket, and yet have tribal feelings none the less strong because of their studies. Men of this class will frequent Christian places of worship, and there is even an instance of a synagogue having been placed at the disposal of a Christian congregation whose own church had been burnt down in one of the fires so common in the United States. While questioning severely the genealogies and the quotations with which the Gospel of St. Matthew abounds, and while rejecting the testimony of the synoptic Gospels, Jews of this learned, liberal, and intellectual type will read with pleasure the Fourth Gospel. It is perhaps the Essenian coloring which they detect in what St. Clement called "the spiritual Gospel," that so attracts them; while its Neo-Platonic tinge certainly harmonizes with much that they have already received. In the "*Logos*" they can recognize the "*Tikkum*" (the Idea) of the Kabbala, and they can see in "the light that lighteneth every man," that Name of Names of which their own Talmud said that "He was first in thought, oldest in operation, and older than the Creation of God." Parents of this way of thinking, "stars of the evening twilight of their race," preserve perhaps such a lingering tenderness for Judaism that they never bring themselves to renounce it; but they none the less choose Christian nurses, schools, and tutors for their children. Where the orthodox father and mother will stipulate that the name of Christ is never to be pronounced in their children's hearing, the Jew who halts between two opinions will, on the contrary, have the catechism taught in his nursery. A contingent, therefore, from the next generation will conform to the religion of the country where they happen to be naturalized. This is an arrangement which in many cases springs from motives of self-interest only, as, for example, where, in Paris, a Jewish girl, if she does but profess Catholicism, can command the

most splendid alliance in France. But, on the other hand, no one who reads Abraham Mendelssohn's letter to his daughter Fanny, on her confirmation, can doubt for a moment but that other and better influences are at work :—

We, your mother and I, were born and brought up by our parents as Jews. Without being obliged to change the form of our religion, we have been able to follow the Divine instinct in us, and in our consciences. We have educated you all in the Christian faith, because it is the creed of most civilized people. It contains nothing that can lead you away from what is good, but much that guides to love, obedience, tolerance, and resignation. It would do so, even if it offered nothing but the example of its Founder, understood by so few, and followed by still fewer.

A peculiar coloring has been thrown on this wise and beautiful page by the glare of burning homesteads on the plains of eastern Europe. Jew-baiting, as it exists at this moment, is not only a monstrous injustice, but it is an outrage on decency, a darkening of the fair face of Christendom, and as such it cannot fail to retard the progress which as Christians and as citizens we most desire. The conversion of the Jews is not to be the work of a few paid or unpaid missionaries, but must be the result of the words and deeds of the whole Christian world. Equality before the law, charity, and good-will are solvents which nothing can resist. By their influence the celebrated "Jewish Question," which has cropped up at intervals ever since the time of the Exodus, has been solved, or rather has solved itself, in England and in America. Wherever Jewish disabilities are unknown tribal narrowness has disappeared, and Judaism, both as regards matters of faith and social duties, has been left to develop itself healthily, and on its own lines. If we note with pleasure that many Jewish parents are attracted to Christianity, we may hope that common *Jewry* (as the negation of faith in Christ) will daily give place to that noble Judaism which is a step to the knowledge of him. We may also do well in the present state of religious conflict in England to receive with gratitude the support afforded by Judaism to the supernatural. The supernatural is not only an integral part of the sacred narrative, but was the key-note of the Hebrew revelation and polity. Without a belief in the providential rule of the world, not only are all creeds but empty forms, but our own struggle for the true and just is as beating the air. The Hebrew Scriptures,

especially the Psalter, declare with the most earnest insistence the care of the Almighty, not only for the type, but for the single life, and for all the needs of the human soul. Their testimony ought never to be more valued than in this age of negation, and we can make common cause with Jewish thinkers in their heartfelt recognition of the unity and the attributes of God, even while we rejoice that we ourselves are allowed to behold those mysterious attributes bathed in more golden hues; in "the light that shone when Hope was born."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XX.

(continued.)

IN the mean time, it was apparent to all the world that Lord Erradeen had spent the greater part of his first day at Sloebury at the cottage; he had stayed to luncheon, he had promised to come back to practise those duets. A young man who has just come into his kingdom, and therefore in circumstances to marry, and likely in all human probability to be turning his thoughts that way, cannot do such things as this with impunity. If he had not meant something why should he thus have *affiché*d his interest in her daughter, Mrs. Herbert asked herself in polyglot jargon. There was no reason why he should have done so, had he not meant it. Thus Walter walked into the snare though it was so evident, though he saw it very well, and though the sports-woman herself trailed it on the ground before him and laughed and avowed her deep design. In such cases fun and frankness are more potent than deceit.

Walter continued in Sloebury for two or three weeks. He found the stagnation of every interest intolerable. He had nothing to do, and though this was a condition which he had endured with much composure for years before, it pressed upon him now with a force beyond bearing. And yet he did not go away. He betook himself to the cottage to practise those duets almost every day; and presently he fell into the practice of visiting Captain Underwood almost every night; but not to confide in him as that personage had hoped. Underwood soon learned that a reference to Loch Houran made his companion silent at once, and

that whatever had happened there the young lord meant to keep it to himself. But though Walter did not open his heart, he took advantage of the means of amusement opened to him. He suffered Captain Underwood to discourse to him about the turf; about horses, of which the young man knew nothing; about the way in which both pleasure and profit might be secured, instead of the ruin to which it is generally supposed that pursuit must lead. Underwood would have been very willing to "put" his young friend "up" to many things, and indeed did so in learned disquisitions which perhaps made less impression than he supposed upon a brain which was preoccupied by many thoughts. And they played a great deal, that deadly sort of play between two, which is for sheer excitement's sake, and is one of the most dangerous ways of gambling. Walter did not lose so much as might have been expected, partly because his interest flagged after a certain moment, and partly that his companion had designs more serious than those of the moment, and was in no hurry to pluck his pigeon — if pigeon, it was, of which he was not yet sure.

Thus the young man held himself up to the disapproval of the town, which, indeed, was ready to forgive a great deal to a peer, but "did not like," as all authorities said, "the way he was going on." He was behaving shamefully to Julia Herbert, unless he meant to marry her, which she and her mother evidently believed to the derision of all spectators; and to mix himself up so completely with Underwood, and abandon the society of his own contemporaries, were things which it was very difficult to forgive. He did not hunt as he had intended, which would have been an amusement suited to his position, partly because there was a good deal of frost, and partly because it was not an exercise familiar to Walter, who had never had the means of keeping horses. And the football club belonged to the previous ages, with which he now felt so little connection. Therefore, it happened after a time, notwithstanding the charm of his rank, that Sloebury felt itself in the painful position of disapproving of Lord Erradeen. Strange to say, he was very little different from Walter Methven, who was a young fellow who had wasted his time and chances — a kind of good-for-nothing. It was something of an insult to the community in which he lived, that he should be "caught" by the most undisguised flirt, and should have fallen under the influence of the person most like a

common adventurer of any in Sloebury. He owed it at least to those who had contemplated his elevation with such a rush of friendly feeling that he should be more difficult to inveigle. Had he still been plain Walter Methven, he could not have been more easily led away.

The house in which Walter was the first interest, and which had risen to such high hopes in his elevation, was held in the strangest state of suspense by this relapse into his old ways. The only element of agreeable novelty in it was the presence of Symington, who had taken possession of the house at once, with the most perfect composure and satisfaction to himself. He was the most irreproachable and orderly retainer ever brought into a house by a young man returning home. He gave no trouble, the maids said; he was not proud, but quite willing to take his meals in the kitchen, and did not stand upon his dignity. Presently, however, it appeared that he had got everything in his hands. He took the control of the dinner-table, made suggestions to the cook, and even to Mrs. Methven herself when she ordered dinner, and became by imperceptible degrees the chief authority in the house. In this capacity he looked with puzzled and disapproving eyes at his young lord. His first inquiries as to where the horses were kept, and where he was to find his master's hunting-things, being answered impatiently, with an intimation that Walter possessed neither the one nor the other, Symington took a high tone.

"You will, no doubt, take steps, my lord, to supply yourself. I hear it's a fine hunting country: and for a young gentleman like you with nothing to do —"

"Don't you think I can manage my own affairs best?" the young man said.

"It's very likely ye think so, my lord," with great gravity Symington said. He was laying the table for luncheon, and spoke sometimes with his back to Walter as he went and came.

"I suppose you are of a different opinion?" Walter said, with a laugh.

"Not always — not always, my lord. I've seen things in you that were very creditable — and sense too — and sense too!" said Symington, waving his hand. "I'm just thinking if I were a young gentleman in your lordship's place, I would get more enjoyment out of my life. But we never know," he added piously, "what we might be capable of, if we were exposed to another's temptations and put in another's place."

"Let me hear," said Walter, with some amusement, "what you would do if you were in my place."

"It's what I have often asked myself," said Symington, turning round, and polishing with the napkin in his hand an old-fashioned silver salt-cellar. "Supposing ye were rich and great that are at present nobody in particular, what would ye do? It's an awful difficult question. It's far more easy to find fault. We can all do that. Your lordship might say to me, 'That silver is no' what it ought to be.' And I would probably answer, 'It's been in a woman's hands up till now,' which ye had never taken into consideration. And I may misjudge your lordship in the same way."

"Do you mean to say that I too have been in a woman's hands? But that is uncivil, Symington, to my mother."

"I would on no hand be unceivil to my lady; and it was not that I was meaning. To my thinking, my lord, you just dinna get enough out of your life. There is a heap of satisfaction to be got out of the life of a lord, when he has plenty of money, and five-and-twenty years of age like you. It is true your lordship is courting, which accounts for many things."

"What do you mean by courting? Come, we have had enough of this," Lord Erradeen said.

"I did not expect, my lord, that you would bide it long, though you were very good-natured to begin with. Courting is just a very well kent amusement, and no ill in it. But I will not intrude my remarks on your lordship. There is one thing though, just one thing," Symington said, rearranging the table with formal care. "You'll no be going north again, my lord, as well as I can reckon, for nigh upon another year?"

"What have you to do with my going north?" Walter cried impatiently.

"Your lordship forgets that I will have to go with ye, which gives me a hantle to do with it," said Symington imperturbably; "but that will no be at least till it's time for the grouse? It will always be my duty: and my pleasure, and my pleasure!" he added with a wave of his hand, "to follow your lordship to the place ye ken of, and do my best for you; but in the mean time I'm thinking this place suits me real well, and I will just bide here."

"Bide here, you old Solomon!" Walter cried, between laughter and wrath; "how do you know that you are to bide any-

where, or that I mean you to stay with me at all?"

Symington waved his hand dismissing this question with the contempt it merited. "I am just a person much attached to the family," he said, "and ye would not find it comfortable, my lord, up yonder, without me. But in the mean time ye will get a younger lad with my advice. And I'll just bide where I am with my lady, your mother, who is a lady of great judgment. I am getting an auld man; and your lordship is a young one; and if you are over-quiet at present, which is my opinion, it is no to be expected or desired that the like of that can last. Ye will aye find me here, my lord, when you want me. It will suit me far better at my years than running to and from upon the earth at the tail of a young lad. But as long as I can draw one foot after another, I will go with your lordship *up yonder*, and never fail ye," Symington said.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE manner of life of which Symington disapproved went on till Christmas was over, and the new year had begun. It was not a new kind of life, but only the old, heightened in some of its features; less tragical in its folly because the young man was now no longer dependent upon his own exertions, yet more tragical in so far that life had now great opportunities for him, and means of nobler living had he chosen. He received business letters now and then from Mr. Milnathort and from Shaw at Loch Houran, which he read with impatience or not at all. Business disgusted him. He had no desire to take the trouble of making up his mind on this or that question. He let his letters collect in a pile and left them there, while he went and practised his duets, or lighted his cigar with the pink paper of the telegram which called his attention to letters unanswered, and went out to play ecarte with Underwood. He did not care for the ecarte. He did not care for the duets. Poor Julia's devices to secure him became day by day more transparent to him, and Underwood's attempts to gain an influence. He saw through them both, yet went on day by day. He was disgusted with them and with himself, and vaguely saw the difficulties which he was preparing for himself, yet went on all the same. The Herberts, mother and daughter, spoke of him with a secure proprietorship, and Julia, though never without that doubt which adventurers know, had almost a certainty of the coronet upon

her handkerchief which she worked upon a cigar-case for him by way of making quite sure what a viscount's coronet was. It is a pretty ornament. She was rather ashamed of her old-fashioned name, but that above it made everything right. Underwood for his part shook off the doubt which had been in his mind as to whether Lord Erradeen was a pigeon to be plucked. He thought of a campaign in town carried on triumphantly by means of his noble victim. It was worth waiting for after all.

And thus Christmas passed. Christmas, that season of mirth! There was the usual number of parties, at all of which Lord Erradeen was a favored guest, and allowed himself to be exhibited as Miss Herbert's thrall. In these assemblies she used to talk to him about Miss Williamson. "Oh yes, a lady in Scotland, whose wealth is untold; hasn't Lord Erradeen told you? It is to be a match, I understand," Julia would say with a radiant countenance. "Sugar—or cotton, I don't remember which. When one has estates in the west Highlands, that is part of the programme. One always marries—sugar. That is a much prettier way of putting it than to say one marries money." This tantalized Sloebury a little, and painfully mystified Mrs. Methven who had never heard Miss Williamson's name; but it did not change the evident fact that Lord Erradeen must either be engaged, or on the point of being engaged—or else that he was using Julia Herbert very ill. When the new year began, and it was suddenly announced that he was going away there was a flutter and thrill of excitement over all the town. The rector, who met Walter on his way to the railway, and who was aware of all the expectations connected with him, stared aghast at the intimation. "Going away!" he said, then put forth a tremulous smile. "Ah, I see! going on some visits, to pot a few pheasants before the season is over."

"I don't think that would tempt me," Walter said. "I am going to town, and my mother will follow shortly. It is a removal, I fear—"

"You are going from Sloebury! But then—but then—" The old clergyman gasped for breath.

"My friends think I have wasted a great deal too much time in Sloebury," Lord Erradeen said, and he waved his hand to the rector, who went home with his lower lip dropped, and his cheeks fallen in, in a consternation beyond words.

His excitement was as great, though of a different kind, as on that day when he ran in from church with his surplice still on, and the most extraordinary disregard of decorum to carry the news of Walter's elevation in rank to his wife. "That fellow is going off without a word," cried Mr. Wynn. "He has been amusing himself, that's all; but you never will listen to me. That girl has been going too far, a great deal too far, her mother ought not to have allowed it. And now I shall hear nothing else wherever I go," the rector said. He was almost ready to cry, being old and a nervous man by nature. "I thought it was settled this time, and that we should have no further trouble with her," which was a contradiction of himself after the words he had begun with. Mrs. Wynn soothed him as best she could, though indeed she had been the one who had all along doubted Lord Erradeen's "intentions," and bade the rash Julia beware.

"Perhaps," she said, "they have come to an understanding, my dear. For it was quite true what he told you: he has wasted too much time in Sloebury. A young man in his position should not hang about in a place like this."

"A young man in his position—should not raise expectations that are never to come to anything," the rector said; which was a truth so undeniable that even his peace-making wife could find nothing to reply.

The change of sentiment which led Walter away from Sloebury was accomplished almost in a moment. In a capricious and wayward mind, a touch is sometimes enough to change the entire direction of a life. He had been kept indoors by a cold, and for want of something else to do had read his letters, and even answered one or two of them. There were several from Shaw relating the course of events at Loch Houran; but these might not perhaps have moved him, had he not found inclosed in one of them a note, now somehow out of date, from Oona. It was very short and very simple. "I found I was not authorized to do anything with the poor Frasers except to tell them you would not be hard upon them: and I took it upon me to assure old Jenny that whatever happened you would never take the coo, and Granny that she should die in peace in her own house, even—which she would like, I think, for the credit of the glen—if she should live to be a hundred. I think you will not disown my agency by doing any-

thing contrary to this. My mother sends her best regards." There was nothing more: but the words acted upon Walter's dissatisfied mind like the sudden prick of a lance. It seemed to him that he saw her again standing, with a somewhat wistful look in her eyes, watching him as his boat shot along the gleaming water — her mother with her waving handkerchief, her nodding head, her easy smile, standing by. Oona had said nothing, made no movement, had only stood and looked at him. How little she said now! and yet she was the only living creature (he said to himself in the exaggeration of a distracted mind) who had ever given him real help. She had given him her hand without hesitation or coquetry or thought of herself, to deliver him from his enemy — a hand that had purity, strength in its touch, that was as soft — as snow, he had said: cool, and pure, and strong. The thought of it gave him a pang which was indescribable. He rose up from where he sat among a litter of paper and books, the accumulations of an idle man, and went hurriedly to the drawing-room, where his mother sat alone by her fire — so much the more alone because he was in the next room, a world apart from her. He came in with a nervous excitement about him.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to town to-morrow."

She put down her book and looked at him. "Well, Walter?" she said.

"You think that is not of much importance; but it is, as it happens. I am going away from Sloebury. I shall never do any good here. I can't think why I have stayed — why *we* have stayed indeed; for it cannot have much attraction for you."

She put down the book altogether now. She was afraid to say too much or too little in this sudden, new resolution, and change of front.

"I can understand your feeling, Walter. You have stayed over Christmas out of consideration for —" She would have said "me" if she could, but that was impossible. "For the traditions of the season," she added, with a faint smile.

"That is a very charitable and kind way of putting it, mother. I have stayed because I am a fool — because I can't take the trouble to do anything but what suggests itself at the moment. Perhaps you think I don't know? Oh, I know very well, if that did any good. I am going to get the house ready, and you will join me when it is fit for you to live in."

"I, Walter?" she said, with a startled tone. Her face flushed and then grew pale. She looked at him with a curious mixture of pleasure and pain. It seemed like opening up a question which had been long settled. Death is better than the reviving flutters of life when these are but to lead to a little more suffering and a dying over again. She added somewhat tremulously, "I think perhaps it would be better not to consider the question of removal as affecting me."

"Mother," he said almost wildly, his eyes blazing upon her, "your reproaches are more than I can bear."

"I mean no reproach," she said quietly. "It is simple enough. Your life should not be fettered by cares which are unnecessary. I am very well here."

"We can't go all over it again," he said. "We discussed that before. But you will say I have been as selfish, as careless as ever I was: and it is true — worse. Ah, I wonder if this was part of the penalty? Worse, in the old way. That would be a sort of a devilish punishment, just like him — if one were so silly as to believe that he had the power."

"Of whom are you speaking, Walter?" asked his mother startled. "Punishment — who can punish you? You have done nothing to put yourself in any one's power."

He gazed at her for a moment as she looked at him with anxious eyes, investigating his face to discover, if she could, what he meant. Then he burst into an excited laugh.

"I am getting melodramatic," he said, "by dint of being wretched, I suppose."

"Walter, what is this? If there is indeed anything hanging over you, for God's sake tell me."

She got up hurriedly and went to him in sudden trouble and alarm, but the sensation of the moment did not carry him any further. He put away her hand almost impatiently. "Oh, there is nothing to tell," he said with irritation. "You take everything *au pied de la lettre*. But I am going to town to-morrow, all the same."

And this he did, after a night in which he slept little and thought much. It may be thought that Oona Forrester's letter was a small instrument to effect so much, but it is not thus that influences can be reckoned. His mother had done a great deal more for him than Oona, but nothing she could have done or said could have moved him like the recollection of that small, soft hand by which he had held as

if it were the anchor of salvation. It kept him from a sort of despair as he remembered it, through this turbulent night, as he lay awake in the darkness, asking himself could this be what his adversary meant? Not misfortune or downfall, which was what he had thought of, feeling himself able to defy such threats: but this self-abandonment to his natural defects, this more and more unsatisfactoriness of which he was conscious to the bottom of his heart. It did not occur to him that in the dread that came over him, and panic-stricken sense of the irresistible, he was giving the attributes of something far more than man to his maniac, or monomaniac, of Kinloch-houran. It was not the moment now to question what that being was, or how he had it in his power to affect the life and soul of another. The anguish of feeling that he was being affected, that the better part was being paralyzed in him and the worse made stronger, was what occupied him now. When he got a little sleep in the midst of his tossings and troublings of mind and body, it was by the soothing recollection of Oona's refreshing, strengthening touch, the hand that had been put into his own and had given him the strength of two souls.

And so it was that next morning, when he ought to have been practising those duets at Julia Herbert's side, he was hurrying up to London as fast as steam and an express train could carry him. It was not perhaps the best place to go to for spiritual reformation, but at least it was a beginning of something new. And in the force of this impulse he went on for some time, proceeding at once to Park Lane, to push forward the preparations of the house, securing for himself a servant in the place of Symington, and establishing himself, for the interval that must elapse before the house was ready for him, in chambers. In this way he found occupation for a week or two. He made an effort to answer his letters. He suffered himself to go through certain forms of business with the London lawyers who were the correspondents of Mr. Milnathort; and so for a short time found himself in the position of having something to do, and, still more strange, of doing it with a lightness of mind and enlivenment of life which was extraordinary, and without a reflection in respect to the duets and the ecarte. They were over, these *détachements*, and that was all about it. Why should there be any consequences to follow? He had meant nothing in

either case, neither to marry Miss Herbert nor to make Captain Underwood his chosen companion, and why should they object to his withdrawal? He had not forced the duets upon Julia, or the play upon the captain. He had been invited, urged in both cases. But indeed he was so easy in his mind on those subjects that he did not even take the trouble to argue them out in this way. The argument passed vaguely through the background of his mind, as what might be said if any accusation were made against him; but he did not see that there was any ground for accusation, nor was he conscious of the least tinge of remorse or sense of guilt.

It was not such plain sailing however after the beginning. Established in chambers which were pleasant enough, with plenty of money, with youth and health, and what was still more, as he thought, with rank and a title which had the effect of making everybody civil and more than civil to him, Lord Erradeen suddenly awoke to the fact that he was less than nobody in the midst of that busy world of London in which there are so many people who love a lord. Yes; but before you can love a lord, invite him, caress him, make his time pass agreeably, you must know him. And Walter knew nobody. The most curious, the most rueful-comic, insignificant-important of all preliminaries! The doors were open, and the entertainment ready, and the guest willing; but there was no master of the ceremonies to bring him within the portals. It had not occurred to him until he was there, nor had he thought, even had his pride permitted him to ask for them, of the need of introductions, and some helping hand to bring him within the reach of society. Society, indeed, had as yet scarcely come back to town, but yet there was a sprinkling at the club windows, men were to be seen in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and even a few carriages with ladies in them frequented the park. But what did that matter to him who knew nobody? He had no club. He was a stranger from the country. No house was open to him; he went about the streets without meeting a face he knew. To be sure, this must not be taken as an absolute fact, for there were people he knew, even relations, one very respectable clan of them, living at Norwood, in the highest credit and comfort, who would have received him with open arms. And he knew Mr. Wynn, the rector's nephew, a moderately successful barrister, who

called upon and asked him to dinner with extreme cordiality, as did one or two other people connected with Sloebury. But in respect to the society to which he felt himself to belong, Walter was like the peri at the gate of Paradise. He knew nobody. Had ever any young peer with means to keep up his rank, been in such a position before? It gave him a certain pleasure to think upon one other, born to far higher fortunes than himself, who had entered London like this in inconceivable solitude. Byron! a magnificent example that went far to reconcile him to his fate. Walter thought a great deal of the noble poet in these days, and studied him deeply, and took pleasure in the comparison, and consolation in the feeling that he could enter thoroughly into all those high, scornful-wistful, heroic utterances about mankind. The Byronic mood has gone out of fashion; but if you can imagine a youth, richly endowed by fortune, feeling that his new honors should open every door to him, and also a little that he was fit to hold his own place with the best, yet perceiving no door move on its hinges, and forced to acknowledge with a pang of surprise and disappointment, and that sense of neglected merit which is one of the most exquisite pangs of youth, that nobody cared to make his acquaintance, or even to inquire who was Lord Erradeen! It is all very well to smile at these sentiments where there has been no temptation to entertain them. But the young peer, who knew nobody, entered completely into Byron's feelings. He pondered upon the extraordinary spectacle of that other young peer strolling haughtily, with his look like a fallen angel, up between the lordly ranks to take his hereditary seat; all those representatives of the old world staring coldly at him, and not one to be his sponsor and introduce him there. The same thing Walter felt would have to happen in his own case, if he had courage enough to follow the example of Byron; and he felt how hollow were all his honors, how mean the indifferent spectators round him, how little appreciated himself, with all the keenness of youthful passion and would-be cynicism. Unfortunately, he was not a Byron, and had no way of revenging himself upon that world.

This curious and irritating discovery, after all his good resolutions, had, it need scarcely be said, the reverse of an elevating influence upon him. He sought the amusement from which his equals shut him out in other regions. Strolling about

town in an aimless way, he picked up certain old acquaintances whose renewed friendship was of little advantage. There will always be black sheep everywhere, and it is no unprecedented case for a boy from a public school, or youth from the university, to come across, six or seven years after he has left these haunts of learning, stray wanderers, who in that little time have fallen to the very depth of social degradation. When such a thing happens to a young man, the result may be a noble pity and profound impression of life's unspeakable dangers, and the misery of vice; or it may be after the first shock a sense that his own peccadilloes are not worth thinking of, seeing how infinitely lower down others have fallen. Walter stood between these two. He was sincerely sorry, and anxious to succor the fallen; but at the same time he could not but feel that in his position, who never could come to that, the precautions which poor men had to take were scarcely necessary. And what could he do? A young man must have something to amuse himself and occupy his time.

It was while he was sliding into the inconceivable muddle of an indolent mind and a vacant life that Underwood came to town. The captain's motives and intentions in respect to him were of a very mixed character, and require further elucidation: but the effect of his appearance in the mean time was a rapid acceleration of the downward progress. Underwood was "up to" many things which Lord Erradeen was not "up to" as yet, and the young man did not any longer, except by intervals, despise the society of the elder one, who brought, it could not be denied, a great many fresh excitements and occupations into his life. Under Captain Underwood's instructions he became acquainted with the turf, which as everybody knows is enough to give a young man quite enough to do, and a good many things to think of. And now indeed the time had come when the captain began to feel his self-banishment to Sloebury, and his patience, and all his exertions, so far as Walter was concerned, fully repaid. There was no repetition of that Byronic scene in the House of Lords. Instead of proudly taking his seat alone, and showing the assembled world how little he cared for its notice, Walter discovered that he was indifferent to the world altogether, and asked himself, What is the good of it? with the philosophy of a cynic. What was the good of it, indeed? What was it but a solemn farce when you came

to look into it? The House of Commons might be something, but the House of Lords was nothing; and why should a man trouble himself to become a member of it? Then as to the clubs. What was the use of struggling to get admission to White's or Boodle's, or any other of those exalted institutions which Walter only knew by name — when at Underwood's club, where he was received with acclamation, you had the best dinner, and the best wine in London, and no petty exclusiveness? Walter was not by any means the only titled person in that society. There were quantities indeed of what the captain called "bosses" on his books. Why then should Lord Erradeen take the trouble to sue and wait for admittance elsewhere with these doors so open to him? In the midst of this new influx of life, it is scarcely necessary to say that the house in Park Lane came to a standstill. It stood through all the season profitless, of use to nobody; and Walter's life went on, alas, not to be described by negations, a life without beauty or pleasure; though pleasure was all its aim.

At Sloebury the commotion made by his departure had been great. At the cottage there had been a moment of blank consternation and silence, even from ill words. Then Mrs. Herbert's energies awoke, and her vivacity of speech. Fire blazed from that lady's eyes, and bitterness flowed from her tongue. She fell upon Julia (who indeed, might have been supposed the greatest sufferer) with violent reproaches, bidding her (as was natural) remember that *she* had always been against it: a reproach in which there was really some truth. Julia, too, had a moment of prostration in which she could hold no head at all against the sudden disappointment and overthrow, and still more overwhelming realization of what everybody would say. She retired to her room for a day, and drew down the blinds and had a headache in all the forms. During that period, no doubt, the girl went through sundry anguishes, both of shame and failure, such as the innocent who make no scheming are free from; while her mother carried fire and flame to the rectory, and even betrayed to various friends her burning sense of wrong, and that Julia had been shamefully used. But when Julia emerged out of the shelter of that headache she put down all such demonstrations. She showed to Sloebury, all on the watch to see "how she took it," a front as dauntless, and eyes as bright as ever. In a campaign the true soldier is

prepared for anything that can happen, and knows how to take the evil with the good. Had she weakly allowed herself to love Walter the result might have been less satisfactory; but she had been far too wise to run such a risk. Afterwards, when rumors of the sort of life he was leading reached Sloebury, she confided to her mother, in the depths of their domestic privacy, that it was just as well he was going a little wrong.

"Oh, a little wrong!" cried Mrs. Herbert vindictively. "If all we hear is true it is much more than a little. He is just going to the bad as fast as his legs can carry him — with *that* Captain Underwood to help him on; and he richly deserves it, considering how he has behaved to you."

"Oh, wait a little, mamma," Julia said. "I know him better than any one. He will come round again, and then he will be ready to hang himself. And the prodigal will come home, and then — Or, perhaps, my Uncle Herbert will ask me up to town for the end of the season, after all the best is over, as he is sometimes kind enough to do. And I shall carry a little roast veal, just a sort of specimen of the fatted calf, with me to town." Thus the young lady kept up her heart and bided her time.

Mrs. Methven bore the remarks of Sloebury and answered all its questions with a heavier heart. She could not take any consolation in Walter's wrong doing, neither could she have the relief of allowing that he was to blame. She accounted for the re-arrangement of everything which she had to consent to after taking many measures for removal, by saying that she had changed her mind. "We found the house could not be ready before the end of the season," she said heroically, "and what should I do in London in the height of the summer with nobody there?" She bore a fine front to the world, but in reality the poor lady's heart had sunk within her. Oddly enough, Julia, the wronged, who at heart was full of good nature, was almost her only comforter. Julia treated Lord Erradeen's absence as the most natural thing in the world.

"I know what took him away in such a hurry," she said. "It was Miss Williamson. Oh, don't you know about Miss Williamson? his next neighbor at that Lock — something or other, a girl made of money — no, sugar. The next thing we shall hear is that you have a daughter-in-law with red hair. What a good thing that red hair is so fashionable! She is

so rich, he was quite ashamed to mention it; that is why he never told you; but Walter," she cried with a laugh, "had no secrets from me."

Mrs. Methven, in dire lack of anything to cling to, caught at Miss Williamson as at a rock of salvation. If he had fallen in love, did not that account for everything? She could only pray God that it might be true.

Symington had been bringing in the tea while Miss Herbert discoursed. When he came back to remove the tea-things after she was gone, he "took it upon him," as he said, "to put in his word." "If you will excuse me, my lady," he said (a title which in a sort of poetical justice and amendment of fate Symington considered due to my lord's mother), "my lord could not do better than give his attention to Miss Williamson, who is just the greatest fortune in all the countryside. But, even if it's not that, there is nothing to be out of heart about. If he's taking a bite out of the apples of Gomorrah, he'll very soon find the cinders cranshing in his mouth. But whatever he's after, when it comes to be the time to go *up yonder* there will be an end to all that."

"My good Symington," said Mrs. Methven, "do you think it is necessary to excuse my son to me? It would be strange if I did not understand him better than any one." But notwithstanding this noble stand for Walter, she got a little consolation, both from the thought of Miss Williamson, and of that mysterious going *up yonder*, which must be a crisis in his life.

Thus winter ran into summer, and the busy months of the season went over the head of young Lord Erradeen. It was a very different season from that which he had anticipated. It contained no Byronic episode at all. The House of Lords never saw its new member, neither did any of those gay haunts of the fashionable world of which he had once dreamed. He went to no balls or crowded, dazzling receptions, or heavy dinners. He did not even present himself at a *levee*. He had indeed fallen out of his rank altogether, that rank which had startled him so, with a kind of awe in the unexpected possession. His only club was that one of indifferent reputation to which Underwood had introduced him, and his society, the indifferent company which collected there. He began to be tolerably acquainted with racecourses, great and small, and improved his play both at billiards and

whist, so that his guide, philosopher, and friend declared himself ready on all occasions to take odds on Erradeen. He spent a great deal of his time in these occupations, and lost a great deal of his money. They were almost the only things that gave him a semblance of an occupation in life. He was due at the club at certain hours to pursue this trade, which, like any other trade, was a support to his mind, and helped to make the time pass. At five-and-twenty one has so much time on hand, that to spend it is a pleasure, like spending money, flinging it to the right hand and the left, getting rid of it: though there is so much to be got out of it that has grown impossible to the old fogeys, no old fogey is ever so glad to throw it away.

And thus the days went on. They were full of noise and commotion, and yet, as a matter of fact, they were dullish as they dropped one after another. And sometimes as he came back to his rooms in the blue of the morning, and found as the early sun got up, that sleep was impossible, or in such a moment as a Sunday morning, when there was little or nothing "to do," Walter's thoughts were not of an agreeable kind. Sometimes he would wake from a doze with the beautiful light streaming in at his windows, and the brown London sparrows beginning to twitter, and would jump up in such a restlessness and fierce impatience with himself and everything about him as he could neither repress nor endure. At such moments his life seemed to him intolerable, an insult to reason, a shame to the nature that was made for better things. What was the good of going on with it day after day? The laughter and the noise, who was it that called them the crackling of thorns — a hasty momentary blaze that neither warmed nor lighted? And sometimes, even in the midst of his gaiety, there would suddenly come into his mind a question — Was this what was to happen to him if he resisted the will of the dweller on Loch Houran? Psha! he would say to himself, what was happening to him? Nothing but his own will and pleasure, the life that most young fellows of his age who were well enough off to indulge in it possessed — the life he would have liked before he became Lord Erradeen: which was true; and yet it did not always suffice him for an answer. At such times curious gleams of instinct, sudden perceptions as by some light fitfully entering, which made an instantaneous revelation, too rapid almost

for any profit, and then disappeared again, would glance across Walter's soul.

On a fine evening in June he was walking with Underwood to the club to dine. The streets were cool with the approach of night, the sky all flushed with rose red and every modification of heavenly blue; the trees in the squares fluttering out their leaves in the coolness of the evening, and shaking off the dust of day, a sense of possible dew going to fall even in London streets, a softening of sounds in the air. He was going to nothing better than cards, or perhaps, for a caprice, to the theatre, where he had seen the same insane burlesque a dozen times before, no very lively prospect: and was cogitating in his mind whether he should not run off to the Continent, as several men were talking of doing, and so escape from Underwood and the club, and all the rest of the hackneyed round: which he would have done a dozen times over but for the trouble of it, and his sense of the bore it would be to find something to amuse him under such novel circumstances. As they went along, Underwood talking of those experiences which were very fine to the boys in Sloebury, but quite flat to Walter now — there suddenly appeared to him, standing on the steps of a private hotel, in a light overcoat like a man going to dinner, a middle-aged, rustic-looking individual, with a ruddy, good-humored countenance, and that air of prosperity and well-being which belongs to the man of money. "I think I have seen that man somewhere before," said Walter. Underwood looked up, and the eyes of all three met for a moment in mutual recognition. "Hallo, Captain Underwood!" the stranger said. Underwood was startled by the salutation; but he stopped, willingly or unwillingly, stopping Walter also, whose arm was in his. "Mr. Williamson! You are an unexpected sight in London," he said.

"No, no, not at all," said the good-humored man, "I am very often in London. I am just going in to my dinner. I wonder if I might make bold, being a countryman and straight from Loch Houran, to say, though we have never met before, that I am sure this is Lord Erradeen?"

Walter replied with a curious sense of amusement and almost pleasure. Mr. Williamson, the father of the fabulous heiress who had been invented between Julia Herbert and himself!

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Lord Erradeen; you know our lands

march, as they say in Scotland. Are you engaged out to your dinner, gentlemen, may I ask, or are ye free to take pot luck? My daughter Katie is with me, and we were thinking — or at least she was thinking, for I am little learned in such matters — of looking in at the theatre to see a small piece of Mr. Tennyson's that they call the 'Falcon,' and which they tell me, or rather her, is just most beautiful. Come now, be sociable; it was no fault of mine, my lord, that I did not pay my respects to ye when ye were up at Loch Houran. And Katie is very wishful to make your acquaintance. Captain Underwood knows of old that I am fond of a good dinner. You will come? Now that's very friendly. Katie, I've brought you an old acquaintance and a new one," he said, ushering them into a large room cloudy with the fading light.

The sudden change of destination, the novelty, the amusing associations with this name, suddenly restored Walter to a freshness of interest of which the *blasé* youth on his way to the noisy monotony of the club half an hour before could not have thought himself capable. A young lady rose up from a sofa at the end of the room and came forward, bending her soft brows a little to see who it was.

"Is it any one I know? for I cannot see them," in simplest tones, with the accent of Loch Houran, Miss Williamson said.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

A LECTURE TO THE ETON VOLUNTEER CORPS.

(With some additions.)

I DOUBT not that you all joined in cheering Lord Wolseley and his companions in arms the other day, when they came to Windsor to receive their well-earned honors at the hands of the sovereign. If I had been among you I should have given a special cheer, on my own account, to the general — not so much to the successful soldier as to the man of science, who had thoroughly studied the conditions of the problem with which he had to deal; who knew what causes would produce certain desired effects; and whose experiments were followed by the predicted results more surely than sometimes happens with those which are made on a lecture table.

But a much larger interest attaches to the day of Tel-el-Kebir, with all that preceded and followed it, than if it were an

isolated experimental investigation of the great "survival of the fittest" problem. These events of yesterday are but the latest episodes of a struggle between the social organization of Asia and that of Europe for predominance in the countries which border the *Ægean* and the *Levantine* Seas, which has been going on for some thousands of years. To say nothing of earlier events, Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, the expedition of Alexander, the Punic wars of Rome, the Saracen occupation of Spain, the Crusades, the Turkish conquest of the Balkan Peninsula, the Egyptian expedition of the first Napoleon, are names of some of the long score of matches and return matches played between East and West in the terrible game of war. And, in my judgment, the grandson of the youngest boy here is not likely to see the winner finally declared. For the contest depends not upon mere dynastic interests, or the lust of conquest, but is the inevitable product of the struggle for existence between incompatible forms of civilization, antagonisms of religion, and antipathies of race.

Twenty-four centuries, mainly occupied in fighting, do not afford a very pleasant retrospect at the best; and it would be altogether horrible, were not the affairs of this world so ordered that "there is a soul of good in things evil." No doubt millions of men, women, and children have suffered grievous misery and wrong, and whole nations have been annihilated as the tide of conquest swept over them — now to the west, and now to the east. All that is sadly obvious; and, to those who can see only that which is obvious, these wars, like all others, must take the guise of purely diabolical evils. But a more patient and penetrating vision may discern that all this suffering is the school fee which the human race has had to pay for its education. As elsewhere, bright and dull pay alike, and the bright profit; which is, perhaps, no great satisfaction to the dull, but it is the rule of the school, and we have to put up with it.

In the present case, the western nations are the bright boys. Your teachers of history are doubtless careful to point out to you all that ancient Greece owed to its intercourse, whether hostile or peaceful, with the East; all the benefit which Saracen learning on the one hand, and crusading enterprise on the other, conferred on Europe in the Middle Ages; and how much the Turks, quite unintentionally, did for the revival of learning. It is not to such familiar truths as these that I

wish to direct your attention, but rather to the fact that history, in the modern sense of the word, was born of the very earliest of the struggles to which I have adverted.

I say history, in the modern sense of the word, that is, not barely a chronicle of events and record of current traditions or venerable myths, but a narrative based upon evidence which has been critically sifted, and in which the narrator endeavors to trace, amidst the tangled occurrences of human life, the thread of natural causation which connects them with the needs and the passions of men. The chronicler is more or less of a gossip, the historian more or less of a man of science. For that which constitutes a man of science, is not the pursuit of this or that specialty, but a living faith in the supreme importance of truth, and an unshakable conviction that order reigns over all things, and that chance has no more place in human affairs than elsewhere.

Now the generation of the science of history took place in this wise. Somewhere in the earlier half of the fifth century, a sort of side skirmish of the Persian wars drove out of house and home a Greek gentleman — one Herodotus, with whose name you will be sufficiently familiar. He was a man of great intelligence and unflagging energy, well versed in all the learning of his time. The magnitude and the interest of the events which had taken place, either within his own memory or within that of men with whom he had talked, seems early to have taken strong hold of his mind, and he determined to devote his life to writing an account of them, in which truth should be sifted from error, and the causation of events displayed, to the best of his ability.

With this end in view, Herodotus was not content with collecting and collating all the information which he could obtain from trustworthy sources, but he determined to become personally acquainted with the chief countries and people implicated in the contest. There lay the primary conditions of the problem which "the father of history" had set himself to study; and there is no better evidence of his strong scientific turn than the conviction on which he acted, that, if he would understand these conditions, he must know them of his own knowledge.

Egypt was one of the countries involved in the Persian wars. Herodotus visited the country somewhere about 450 B.C., and he has left a most curious and enter-

taining account of his own observations, and of the information which he obtained from the priests of Thebes and the literati of Heliopolis, with whom his interpreter, or dragoman, as we should now call him, brought him into contact.

I dare say you read the second book of Herodotus and know a great deal more about it than I do. Nevertheless it may not be superfluous to remind you that the historian speaks with admiration of the learning of the Egyptians, and of the remarkable pains which they took to preserve the memory of the past in their records. Among a great many other things, they read to him from a papyrus the names of three hundred and thirty monarchs who had reigned over Egypt, from Menes, the first Pharaoh, to their own time.

The average length of the reigns of any long series of western sovereigns is about twenty five years, so that, if the records of the Egyptians were to be trusted, and the average length of reign among them was the same, Menes should have ascended the throne more than ten thousand years ago.

Within my recollection it was very much the fashion to regard Herodotus as a garrulous old gentleman, who willingly allowed himself to be crammed with interesting fictions; and the pretension of the Egyptians to such prodigious antiquity of their State was regarded as one of the most patent examples of such figments. Yet it is probable that, in respect of this and other pieces of information of like character, the learned Egyptians said no more, not only than they fully believed, but than they might fairly enough think they had good reason for believing; and modern investigations have shown that they were certainly much nearer the truth than sundry of their critics.

Among the achievements of scientific method in this century, none is, to my mind, more wonderful than the disinterment of so much of a past, to all appearance hopelessly dead, by the interpretation of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions in which the ancient inhabitants of the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates chronicled the events of their history. Thanks to the sagacity and the untiring toil of such men as Lepsius — just about to receive the congratulations of all the world on the completion of half a century of fruitful labor — of Birch, of Mariette, of Brugsch, the student of Egyptology, guided by the spirit of scientific criticism, is probably far more accu-

rately informed about the ancient history of Egypt, than was the whole college of Heliopolis in Herodotus's time.

An exact chronology of Egyptian history is yet to be constructed; but those best qualified to judge agree that contemporary monuments tell us of the state of Egypt more than five thousand years ago; and since they prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the people who erected them possessed a complex social organization, as replete with all the necessities and conveniences of life as that of any nation in Europe in the Middle Ages, and not inferior in literature or in skill in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, it is but rational to conclude that, even at this furthest point of time to which written records take us, the Egyptian people had, for long ages, left barbarism behind, and constituted a settled and a civilized polity. So that whether Menes was followed by three hundred and thirty kings or not, the general impression of the vast antiquity of the Egyptian State which Herodotus received, and has transmitted to us, has full justification.

But that which is so characteristically modern about Herodotus is that he was not satisfied to stop where written records halt, or to accept traditional accounts of an earlier time without discussion. His informants told him that when Menes began to reign, Lower Egypt was covered with water, a dismal and pestilent swamp, and that the first Pharaoh drained and rendered habitable that alluvial soil which they called "the gift of the Nile."

Herodotus was evidently very much interested in this statement. Perhaps he asked his Heliopolitan friends how they knew this. Perhaps they answered him as they did a countryman of his, "You Greeks always were and always will be children," asking the why of the wherefore. A true saying, which however it may have been intended, conveys high praise. For it is just because it is true that these mighty children became the fathers of natural knowledge. Men of science are eternal children, always asking questions of mother nature and never content with her answers.

But whether questions are childlike or childish, depends upon the knowledge and the intelligence of the questioner; and Herodotus, as I have said, was largely endowed with both. Let me remind you that he lived midway between Thales and Aristotle, in the very heart and centre of the great age of Greece; and let me also

remind you of the fact of which people too often remain ignorant throughout their school and university career, that, if this was an epoch of great achievements in art, in literature, and in philosophy, it was no less distinguished for the sedulous cultivation of physical science. Democritus, the contemporary of Herodotus, was the great exponent of principles which have played, and still play, a great part in modern scientific speculation. Half a century before Herodotus, Xenophanes had observed petrified marine shells and fishbones in the quarries of Syracuse and elsewhere; he had drawn the conclusion that the rocks in which they were contained were the hardened mud of the bottom of the sea in which the corresponding animals once lived; and he had laid down the general proposition that the geographical features of our earth are not constant, but that where land now is, sea has been, and where sea is, land has been. And it is a corollary from this proposition that the land which constitutes any country has not always been what it is and where it is, but that it has a history, unwritten save in the hieroglyphics of nature. Herodotus is not likely to have been ignorant of the speculations of Xenophanes, but it is in evidence that his extensive travels had enabled him to observe facts which led directly to like conclusions. The plain of Ilium and the estuary of the Mæander had shown him rivers at work in the formation of new land, and he adverts to the conclusions to be drawn from the presence of shells in the rocks which bound the Nile valley.

To a mind thus prepared by an acquaintance with elementary truths of physical science, the first glance at Egypt cannot fail to suggest inquiry, and, in fact, Herodotus says as much:—

"Any one who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has the least intelligence, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is a gift of the Nile to the Egyptians."* That is to say, as he elsewhere explains, the rich soil of the great plain, or so-called delta of Egypt, has been formed out of the deposits left by the Nile during the annual inundation. The region occupied by the delta, he adds, was "evidently, at one time, a gulf of the sea. It resembles, to compare small things with great, the parts about Ilium and Teuthrania, Ephesus, and the plain of the

Mæander. In all these regions the land has been formed by rivers, whereof the greatest is not comparable in size with any one of the arms of the Nile." After comparing the valley of the Nile with that of the Red Sea (which Herodotus appears not to have visited, and of the magnitude of which he has a very inadequate conception), he goes on to say: "Now if the Nile should chose to divert his waters from their present bed into the Arabian Gulf, what is to prevent it from being filled up by the stream within twenty thousand years at most? For my part I think it might be filled up in half the time. Why then should not a gulf of even much larger size have been filled up in the ages before I was born, by a river which is so large and so given to working changes as the Nile?"

It is on the strength of these very sound and just physical considerations that Herodotus tells us he accepted Egyptian tradition:—

"Thus I gave credit to those from whom I received this account of Egypt, and am myself, moreover, strongly of the same opinion, since I remarked that the country projects into the sea further than the surrounding shores, and I observed that there were shells upon the hills." Finally, he inquires into the origin of the population of Egypt:—

"I do not believe that the Egyptians came into being at the same time as the delta. I think they have always existed, ever since the human race began. As the land went on increasing, part of the population came down into the new country, part remained in the old settlements."

Thus Herodotus commits himself to four very definite propositions respecting the unwritten history of Egypt.

1. That the delta was once an arm of the sea.
2. That it has been filled up and converted into dry land by the alluvial deposits of the Nile.
3. That this process of conversion into dry land probably took something like twenty thousand years.
4. That the Egyptians existed before Lower Egypt, and migrated thence from Upper Egypt.

And it will be observed that the first three of these propositions at any rate are not mere guesses, but conclusions based upon a process of reasoning from analogy, just as sound in form as any which is to be met with in the discussion of a similar problem in a modern treatise on geology.

Herodotus wrote twenty-three hundred

* Those and other citations are taken from Rawlinson's Herodotus.

years ago. In the course of twenty-one out of the twenty-three centuries which have elapsed since his time, I am not aware that any one rose above his level in the discussion of such problems as that which he attacked. And some quite modern writers have not yet reached it, for lack of as much knowledge of natural phenomena as Herodotus possessed. Let us look at the facts by the light of such knowledge of elementary physical science as is now happily accessible to every Etonian.

It has often been said, and with perfect truth, that Egypt is a land by itself, unlike any other part of the world. On approaching Alexandria from the sea, nothing can be less attractive than the flat shore which stretches east and west as far as the eye can reach, without an elevation of more importance than bare and barren sand dunes to break its even line. This monotonous coast extends for two hundred miles between the most extreme of the ancient arms of the Nile, from the Canopic in the west to the Pelusiatic in the east, and forms the northwardly turned base line of the triangular area of Lower Egypt, the shape of which led the Greeks to call it the delta.

In the journey from Alexandria southwards to Cairo, the traveller finds himself in a boundless plain, as flat as the flattest part of Lincolnshire or of Holland. At first, rising only here and there above the level of the Mediterranean, it is full of morasses and stagnant lakes of great extent, the waters of which vary from salt to fresh and from fresh to salt, according as the Nile or the Mediterranean is the predominant contributor to their contents. Beyond this region, the wide expanse of black alluvial soil, intersected by innumerable watercourses, departs from absolute horizontality, rising some three or four inches in the mile. Here and there, low mounds bearing groups of date-palms, or thickets of sycamores and acacias, indicate the deserted site of an ancient city, or preserve from the periodic floods the assemblage of hovels which constitutes a modern Egyptian village. In autumn, the soil, save these mounds and their connecting dykes, disappears under the overflow of the flooded Nile; in early spring, the exuberant vegetation of the young crops no less completely hides it under a carpet of the brightest imaginable green.

For more than a hundred miles, as the crow flies, this is the general character of

the country between Alexandria and Cairo. But long before the latter city is reached, the plain begins to be limited by distant heights which spring up on either hand. First, a ridge of low hills makes its appearance on the western, or Libyan, side; and then, a range of more distant but bolder and loftier heights shows itself, far away, on the eastern or Arabian horizon. With every advance southward, the plain diminishes in extent, while its Libyan and Arabian boundaries approach, until, at Cairo, they are not more than six or seven miles apart.

Nothing can be more sharply contrasted than the aspect of the plain and that of its liminary heights. For the low rounded ridges on the west, and the higher plateau with its steep and cliffy face on the east, are utterly waterless — mere wastes of bare rock or sand — without a bush or a patch of soil on which it could grow, to veil their savage nakedness. Under our own pale and faintly-lighted sky, such bare hills and rugged cliffs as those which bound the prospect here and everywhere in upper Egypt would fitly represent the abomination of desolation. But framed as they are in an atmosphere of limpid purity, with lights and shades and tints endlessly varying in shape and hue, from hour to hour, and almost from minute to minute, as the sun runs his course, they have a strange and unique beauty. Moreover, in early spring, the edges of the greenery of the plain lie as sharply defined against the yellow sands and grey-brown stones of the waste as if it were so much water.

When I was in Cairo, ten years ago, I delighted in wandering about the heights of the Mokattam range, which rise for some four or five hundred feet immediately to the east of the city. The Sahara itself cannot better deserve the name of desert than do these stony solitudes. Looking westward at sunset, the vultures, diminished to mere crows, wheeled about the face of the cliffs far below. Beneath and beyond them, the green expanse stretched northward, until it became lost in the horizon; while, towards the west, its even line followed the contour of the Libyan shore, as if it were the veritable sea water of the gulf of Herodotus. And sharply defined against the western sky, the great pyramid, which, even in its present mutilated state, reared its summit to the level of my eye, threw its long shadow eastwards like the gnomon of an appropriately gigantic dial-plate.

Indeed the comparison is not far

fetched. For the great shadow has veritably swept, from west to north and from north to east, day after day from the dawn of civilization till now; since the toiling subjects of Chufu, with patient and skilful labor, piled the great stones of his tomb, one upon another, it has marked the birth-hour, and sometimes the death-hour, of each great nation known to history.

For all these ages, day after day, the shadow, as it lengthened eastward, has swept over the weary heads of thousands upon thousands of orderly, cheerful, hard-working men, women, and children, who have been plundered, starved, beaten, decimated, now to serve the ambition or gratify the superstitious vanity of an ancient Pharaoh, and now to enable some thinly varnished savage of a modern khedive to subsidize his opera troupe in Cairo, and squander the price of their blood among foreign harlots and foreign swindlers.

Six thousand years of grinding oppression, worse than it ever was during the last few centuries, seemed to me a curious reward for laying the foundations of civilization; and yet there was no sign that the great shadow was likely, for another century or so, to mark the hour when khedive, mudirs, commercial mamelukes of various nationalities, and all the rest of the "wolves that with privy paw devour apace and nothing said" should be swept away to make room for that even moderately decent and intelligent rule which is all the Egyptian people need, to become, at last, a contented and a wealthy nation.

But this, I say, was ten years ago; many things — Tel-el-Kebir among the rest — have happened since then; and perhaps the good time may be coming. At any rate, the great British panacea — constitutional government — is to be administered; and if the Fellaheen sheep do not find their affairs much improved when the representatives of their interests are mostly mongrel Arabo-Turkish wolves (as they certainly will be), they must be unfit for free institutions, and we may wash our hands of them, conscious that we have exhausted the resources of political science in our intelligent efforts to improve their condition.

The extent of the land now under cultivation in Egypt is estimated approximately at seven thousand three hundred English square miles, that is to say, its area is about a fifth greater than that of the valley of the Thames (six thousand

one hundred and sixty square miles). One half of this cultivated land lies in the delta, and the other half in Upper Egypt. Under the Pharaohs, the cultivated area was of considerably greater extent; but not even the industry and thrift of the Fellaheen have been able to make head against the ignorance, sloth, and greed of their later rulers.

Above Cairo, the Libyan and the Arabian boundaries of the narrow valley of Upper Egypt, which runs in a southerly direction, through six degrees of latitude to Assouan in 24° N. are approximately parallel, here approaching and there diverging from one another though they are rarely more than ten or fifteen miles apart. The general inclination of the bottom of the long and winding stream, though rather greater than in the delta, does not exceed five or six inches in the mile. Hence, Assouan, some five hundred miles distant, in a direct line, from Alexandria, is little more than three hundred feet above the Mediterranean.

In Upper Egypt there is still less rain than in the delta. For though violent storms, accompanied by a heavy down-pour, occur at intervals of perhaps twenty years, filling the parched ravines of the desert with short-lived torrents, there is usually either no rain, or, at most, a passing shower, in the course of each year. Hence, not only the boundaries of the valley, but all the country eastward as far as the Red Sea, and all westward (save where a rare oasis breaks the monotony of the waste) for hundreds of miles across the Sahara, over which the same meteorological conditions prevail, is, if it be possible, even more arid and barren than the desert which bounds the delta.

What are known as the "tombs of the kings" are excavated in the walls of a deep gorge which runs from the plain of Thebes far into the Libyan Hills, the steeply escarped faces of which rise twelve hundred feet above the river. From the summit of one of these hills a panorama of appalling desolation presents itself. Except where the Nile lies like a brown ribbon, with a broader or narrower green fringe on either side, north, south, east and west, the eye rests on nothing but rugged heights of bare rock, separated by a perfect labyrinth of steep walled valleys. Baked during the day by a cloudless sun, cooled, not unfrequently down to the freezing point, at night by radiation through the vaporless air, the surface rocks are shattered by the rapid expansion and contraction which they undergo,

as if they had been broken by a road-maker's hammer; and the fragments collect in great heaps at the bottom of every steep incline. Not a blade of grass, not a drop of water is to be seen anywhere; and yet the form and arrangement of the ravines are such that it is impossible to doubt that they have been formed, like other valleys, by the scoring and denuding action of rapid streams.

I remember that one day, wandering in the desert, north-east of Cairo, in the direction of the petrified forest, I was exceedingly struck with the resemblance of the superficial scorings of the surface of the rocky soil to those which are ordinarily made by rain. I was puzzling myself to account for the fact, when a sudden storm, accompanied by very heavy rain, came up, drenched me to the skin and vanished, all in less than an hour. Immediately after the rain began to fall, every one of the ramified scorings which had interested me was filled by a stream of water, rushing to join with its fellows and flow down some bigger groove to a lower level. It was obvious that the resemblance which had struck me was not deceptive, and that all these ramified scorings were miniature *wadys* — the dry beds of minute rivulets produced by former sudden showers of the same sort as that which I had experienced.

It was a capital lesson in physiography, and I did not forget it when I looked down on the great wadys of the Libyan desert at Thebes. Twelve hours' heavy rain would send a roaring torrent, sweeping before it all the accumulated *débris* of years, down every one of them. And if we suppose the process repeated only every twenty years; still, since the Libyan hills have certainly been where they are for the last ten thousand years, five hundred repetitions of the application of this most efficient rain plough would have cut some pretty deep furrows, even if, during all this time, rain has never been more frequent or more abundant than it is now.

Still further to the south, about El Kab, close upon the twenty-fifth parallel of latitude, the fringe of cultivable land which borders the Nile becomes narrower and narrower, and the limestones in which the valley has hitherto been excavated are replaced by sandstones as far as Assouan. The low hills of such rock (rarely more than two hundred feet high) which lie on each side of the river at Gebel Selsileh, about forty miles north of Assouan, approach one another so closely that the gorge through which the stream passes is

little more than one thousand feet wide. There is every reason to believe that the opposite walls of this gorge were once continuous, and that the river swept as a rapid over the correspondingly elevated margin of the sandstone plateau, through which it has since cut its channel back to Assouan, until, at present, its bed, for the forty miles to that place, has no greater inclination than elsewhere.

Near Assouan, under the twenty-fourth parallel, on the frontier of Nubia, the granitic masses of the desert on the eastern or Arabian side spread suddenly to the westward, and come to the surface in place of the sandstones. In the course of the six or seven miles between Assouan and Philæ the bed of the river rises sixteen feet,* forming a declivity, down which the stream rushes in a rapid, known as the first cataract. The alluvial soil has almost vanished, and the river flows amidst a confused heap of granite blocks, with black and polished surfaces. For some eight degrees of latitude further south, the granite and sandstone plateau which rises so suddenly at Assouan extends through Nubia, increasing in elevation, until at the foot of the second cataract (Wady Halfa) the level of low Nile reaches 392 feet; at the third cataract, 659 feet; at the fourth, 745 feet. Where the White and Blue Niles join, just below Khartoum, in 16° N., the river is 1212 feet above the sea, or more than nine hundred feet above its height at Assouan.

Throughout the whole of this course the Nile receives but one affluent, the Atbara, which carries the drainage of a part of Abyssinia into it in about 18° N. And, as this solitary tributary is wholly inadequate to make good the loss which the main stream suffers by evaporation and percolation, on its course through thirteen degrees of one of the hottest and driest climates in the world, the Nile presents the singular spectacle of a river, the volume of water in which is conspicuously less than that poured into it by its feeders.

The Blue and the White Niles, which unite to form the main stream close to Khartoum, are in fact very large rivers, each of which drains an immense area abundantly supplied with water. The one

* The heights of points in the course of the Nile given in books are widely discrepant and usually very inaccurate. I am indebted to the eminent civil engineer, Mr. John Fowler, for this and subsequent precise determinations. The height of low Nile above the sea is three hundred and three feet at Assouan, three hundred and nineteen feet at Philæ.

receives the overflow of the great equatorial Nyanza lakes and the drainage of the vast, swampy region of the Soudan to the north of them, in which the heavy inter-tropical summer rains accumulate. The other is fed not only by such rains, but by the snows among the mountain-tops of Abyssinia, which melt, as the sun advances to the northern tropic.

The height of the water in the Nilometer at Cairo is contingent upon the meteorological conditions of a region more than a thousand miles off; and the question whether Egypt shall have a year of famine, or a year of plenty, hangs upon the rainfall in Abyssinia and equatorial Africa. It is as if the prosperity of the agricultural interest in Berkshire depended on the state of the weather in Morocco.

The general course of the Nile is so directly north and south, that the thirtieth parallel of east longitude, which traverses the Albert Nyanza Lake on the equator, passes close to the Rosetta mouth at its outfall. The Albert Nyanza is twenty-five hundred feet above the sea; and since the length of the part of the great circle inclosed between the points just mentioned is more than two thousand English miles, the mean inclination of the river, if it ran straight, would somewhat exceed a foot per mile. Taking the actual bends into consideration, however, it must be considerably less than this amount.

Without a knowledge of the facts thus briefly sketched, the periodical inundation of the valley of Egypt by the Nile is unintelligible. And, since no one till long after Herodotus's time possessed such knowledge, we may proceed to consider this singular phenomenon without troubling ourselves about his curious speculations as to its causes.

In the month of May and the beginning of June, the Egyptian Nile is little better than a great, sluggish ditch, the surface of which, in Upper Egypt, lies many feet below that of its steep banks of irregularly stratified mud and sand. A short distance north of Cairo, it divides into two main branches which take a northerly course through the delta and finally debouch, the one at Rosetta and the other at Damietta. Innumerable artificial canals connect these arms of the Nile with one another, and branch off east and west for purposes of irrigation; while, in the north, the complex system of watercourses communicates with the series of lakes and marshes, from Mariout, on the west, to

Menzaleh on the east, which, as I have already said, occupy a large portion of the area of the delta southward of the sea-coast.

In the latter part of June, about the time of the summer solstice, the motion of the torpid waters of the Nile seaward is quickened, and their level rises, while at the same time they take on a green color. The rise and the flow quicken, and the green color is succeeded by a reddish brown; the water becomes turbid and opaque, and is found to be laden with sediment, varying in consistency from moderately coarse sand, which falls to the bottom at once when the water is still, to mud of impalpable fineness which takes a long time to subside. In fact, when the sun approaches the northernmost limit of his course, as the snows of Abyssinia begin to melt, and the heavy intertropical rains set in, a prodigious volume of water is poured into the White and Blue Niles, and drives before it the accumulated living and dead particles of organic matter which have sweltered in the half-stagnant pools and marshes of the Soudan during the preceding six months. Hence, apparently, the preliminary flow of green water. The Blue Nile and the Atbara must sweep down a vast quantity of river gravel from the Abyssinian uplands, but it may be doubted whether any of this gets beyond the middle cataracts, except in the condition of fine sand. And I suspect that the chief part, if not the whole, of the coarse sediment of the waters of the high Nile must be derived from Nubia, from the weathering of the rocks, by the heating and cooling process already described, and the action of the winds in blowing the sand thus produced into the stream. The Nile continues to rise for three months until the autumnal equinox, by which time the level of its surface at Assouan is usually forty feet, at Thebes thirty-six feet, at Cairo twenty-four or twenty-five feet, and at Rosetta four feet higher than it is in May; and, before reaching the delta, it flows at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

Under these circumstances, the river overflows its banks on all sides. When it does so, the movement of the water is retarded or even arrested, and the suspended solid matters sooner or later fall to the bottom, and form a thin layer of sandy mud. When the Nile waters spread out over the great surface of the delta the retardation is of course very marked. The coarse sediment is soon deposited, and only the very finest parti-

cles remain in suspension at the outflow into the Mediterranean. As the sun goes southward, his action on the Abyssinian snows diminishes, the dry season, sets in over the catchment basin of the White Nile, and the water supply of the Nile diminishes to its minimum. Hence, after the autumnal equinox, the Nile begins to fall and its flow to slacken, as rapidly as it rose. By the middle of November, it is half-way back to its summer level, and it continues to fall until the following May. In the dry air of Nubia and of Egypt evaporation is incredibly rapid, and the Nile falls a prey to the sun. As the old Egyptian myth has it, Osiris is dismembered by Typhon.

Relatively to the bulk of water, the amount of solid matter transported annually by the Nile must be far less than that which is carried down by the rapid streams of mountainous countries in temperate climates—such, for example, as the upper Rhone. We have no very satisfactory estimate of what that amount may be, but I am disposed to think that the ordinary computation, according to which the average deposit over the delta amounts to not more than a layer one-twentieth of an inch thick annually, is, at any rate, not under the mark.

But this is a very interesting question, for it is obvious that, if we may assume that the deposit of the Nile has taken place uniformly at a known rate, it becomes possible, given the thickness of the alluvial deposit in the delta, to calculate the minimum time occupied in its formation. The borings made under the direction of the late Mr. Leonard Horner in the upper part of the delta, and those subsequently conducted by Figari Bey, favor the conclusion that the natural loose soil which fills the flat basin of the delta nowhere exceeds sixty feet in depth. Assuming it to have this thickness in any spot, it follows that, at one-twentieth of an inch of deposit per annum, it must have taken at least fourteen thousand four hundred years to accumulate to that thickness at that place. And if so, Herodotus seems, at first, to have made a wonderfully good guess when he said that the Arabian Gulf and, by implication, that of the delta might have been filled up in "twenty thousand years, or even half the time."

I am afraid, however, that any such modern estimate has not a much surer foundation than the ancient guess. For, in the first place, there are many reasons for believing that the action of the Nile

has not been uniform throughout the whole period represented by the deposit of alluvium; and in the second place, if it had been, the simple process of division of the total thickness of the alluvium by that of the annual deposit does not by any means necessarily give the age of the whole mass of alluvium in the delta, or in other words, the time which elapsed during the filling of the delta, as it is sometimes supposed to do.

According to Figari Bey, the deepest, and therefore earliest, alluvium in the delta contains gravel and even boulders; so that, if these are fluvial beds, which is perhaps not quite certain, they indicate that, at the time when they were deposited, the current of the Nile in this region was much more powerful than it is now, and, consequently, that its annual additions were much more considerable.

If the flow of the Nile in these ancient times was more rapid, the probabilities are that the volume of its waters was greater, and sundry observations have been adduced as evidence that such was the case. Thus, at Semneh, above the second cataract, Lepsius, many years ago, discovered inscriptions of a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty, Amenemhat III., who reigned between two and three thousand years B.C., which registered the level of the highest rise of the Nile at that time. And this level is nearly twenty-four feet higher than that of high Nile at the same place now. Another fact has been connected with this. Between the narrow gorge of the Nile at Selsileh and the first cataract, alluvial deposits, containing shells of animals now living in the river, lie on the flanks of the valley, twenty to thirty feet above the point which high Nile reaches at the present day. It has been suggested that, before the Nile cut the gorge, the sandstone bar at Selsileh, as it were, dammed up the Nile, and caused it to stand at a higher level all the way back to Semneh. But, as the late Dr. Leith Adams long ago argued, the sandstone strata of Selsileh could hardly have played the part thus assigned to them. The deposits in question indicate that the supposed barrier at Selsileh was about thirty feet high; while Semneh is at least one hundred and thirty feet higher than Selsileh.

The cause of the difference of level of the Nile at Semneh, between the days of Amenemhat and now, is surely rather to be sought in the progressive erosion of the Nubian valley. If four thousand years have elapsed since Amenemhat reigned, the removal of one-thirteenth of an inch

trée
The
"E
con
on r
cata

per annum from the bed of the river will be more than enough to account for its present depression. Considering the extraordinary activity of the denuding forces at work in Nubia, I see nothing improbable in this estimate. But if it is correct, there is no need to suppose that the Nile conveyed a greater body of water four thousand years ago than it does now. Nor is there anything in the ancient records of Egypt which lends support to such an hypothesis.

But we are indebted to Dr. Leith Adams for proof that the Nile, between the first and the second cataracts, once stood very much more than twenty-five feet above its present level. From Assouan to Derr, in fact, he observed abundant patches and continuous terraces of alluvium, containing shells of the same kinds of fresh-water mollusks as those which now inhabit the Nile, one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet above the highest level now reached by its waters; and he concludes that "the primeval Nile was a larger and more rapid river than it is now." I am disposed to think that the "primeval" Nile was so, but I question whether these terraces were made by the river in its youth. I see no reason why they should not be affairs of a geological yesterday—say, a mere twenty or thirty thousand years ago.

There can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of the view first, so far as I am aware, distinctly enunciated by M. Louis Lartet,* that the whole of the principal valley of the Nile has been excavated by the river itself. I am disposed, for my own part, to think that the Nile might have done this great work if the mass of its waters had never been much greater than now. And, with respect to the innumerable lateral ravines which debouch into the main valley, I think it would not be safe to affirm that they could not have been excavated by the rains, even if the meteorological conditions of the country had never been very widely different from what they are now.

But, in some parts of Lower Egypt, and in the peninsula of Sinai, many of the dry wadis exhibit such massive deposits of more or less stratified materials, that it is hardly credible they can have been formed under anything like existing conditions.

* *Essai sur la Géologie de la Palestine et des Contrées avoisinantes, telles que l'Égypte et l'Arabie*, 1869. The Rev. Barham Zincke, in his interesting work, "Egypt of the Pharaohs," 1871, has expressed similar conclusions; and I may say that they forced themselves on my own mind in the course of my journey to the first cataract in 1872.

Indeed, in some localities, very competent observers have considered that there is good evidence of the former existence of glaciers in the valleys of Sinai. And it is well worthy of consideration whether, as Fraas and Lartet have suggested, these deposits were not contemporaneous with the so-called glacial epoch, when the climate of northern Europe resembled that of Greenland, and when the Mediterranean covered the Sahara and washed the western flanks of the Libyan range.

Under such changed conditions, Egypt must have been one of the wet countries of the world, instead of one of the driest; and, as there need have been no diminution in the bulk of water poured in by the White and Blue Niles, the accumulation of water in the valley of Egypt, partly in virtue of its own rainfall, and partly by the diminution of evaporation, may have been immense. Under such circumstances, it is easily conceivable that a swift and voluminous torrent, periodically swollen by the contributions of the great southern affluents, covered the delta with a permanent inundation and swept down gravel and boulders into the lowest part of its course.

That the outflow of the Nile once extended far beyond its present limits appears to be certain, for a long, deep, dry valley—so like an ancient river-bed that the Arabs call it the Bahr-bela-Ma, or waterless river—runs from south to north in the Libyan desert along the western edge of the delta, and ends in the Mediterranean shore beyond Taposiris, far to the west of the Canopic mouth, the most westerly of the outlets of the Nile known during the historical period. And, in the extreme east, far beyond the most easterly arm known to the ancients—in fact, in the middle of the Isthmus of Suez, about Lake Timseh—alluvial deposits, containing Nile shells and hippopotamuses' bones, show that the Nile once extended into this region, and perhaps poured some portion of its waters into the Red Sea, by way of anticipating the engineering operations of more modern days.

These facts tend to show that any calculation of the age of the delta, based upon the present action of the Nile in the way indicated, may need to be abbreviated. But, on the other hand, there are many obvious considerations which tend the other way.

It is easy to see that the time required for the deposition of a certain thickness of alluvial soil, in any one part of the

delta, can only be a measure of the time required to fill up the whole, if the annual sediment is deposited in a layer of even thickness over the entire area. But this is not what takes place. When the river first spread out from the southern end of the delta, it must have deposited the great mass of its solid contents near that end; and this upper portion of the delta must have been filled up when the lower portion was still covered with water. And, since the area to be covered grew wider the further north the process of filling was carried, it is obvious that the northern part of the delta must have taken much longer to fill than the southern. If we suppose that the alluvium about Memphis was deposited at the rate of one-twentieth of an inch per annum, and that there are fifty feet of it, ten thousand years may be the minimum age of that particular part of the delta; but the age of the alluvium of the delta as a whole must be very considerably greater. And indeed there are some indications that the shore line of the nascent delta remained, for a long time, in the parallel of Athribis, five-and-twenty miles north of Cairo, where the remains of a line of ancient sand dunes is said to attest the fact. Hence, all attempts to arrive at any definite estimate of the number of years since the alluvial plain of the delta began to be formed, are frustrated. But the more one thinks of the matter, the more does the impression of the antiquity of the plain grow; and I, for my part, have no doubt that the extreme term imagined by Herodotus for the filling up of the Arabian Gulf—twenty thousand years—is very much below the time required for the formation of the delta.

Thus far we have traced the unwritten history of Egypt, and the gulf of the Mediterranean, postulated by Herodotus, is not yet in sight. Nevertheless, at a much more remote epoch—in that called miocene by geologists—the gulf was assuredly there.

Near the tombs of the caliphs at Cairo (according to Schweinfurth, two hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean), in the neighborhood of Sakkarah and in that of the great pyramids, the limestone rocks, which look so like a seashore, were found by Professor Fraas to display the remains of a veritable coast-line. For they exhibit the tunnels of boring marine mollusks (*Pholades* and *Saxicava*), and they are incrustated with acorn shells as if the surf had only lately ceased to wash them. At the feet of these former sea cliffs lie ancient sandy beaches, contain-

ing shells of oysters, scallops, and other marine mollusks, with the skeletons of sea-urchins. The specific characters of these marine organic remains leave no doubt that they lived during the miocene, or middle tertiary, epoch. Marine beds of the same age occur at Ain Musa, between Cairo and Suez.

There can be no question, therefore, that, in the miocene epoch, the valley of the delta was, as Herodotus thought it must have been, a gulf of the sea. And, as no trace of marine deposits of this, or of a later age, has been discovered in Upper Egypt, it must be assumed that the apex of the delta coincides with the southern limit of the ancient gulf.

Moreover, there is some curious evidence in favor of the belief that, at this period, however remote as measured by our standards of time, the Nile flowed down from central Africa as it flows now, but probably in much larger volume. Every visitor to Cairo makes a pilgrimage to the "petrified forest," which is to be seen in the desert a few miles to the north-east of that city. And indeed it is a spectacle worth seeing. Thousands of trunks of silicified trees, some of them twenty or thirty feet long, and a foot or two in diameter, lie scattered about and partly imbedded in the sandy soil. Not a trunk has branches, or roots, or a trace of bark. None are upright. The structure of wood, which has not had time to decay before silicification, is usually preserved in its minutest details. The structure of these trunks is often obscure, as if they had decayed before silicification; and they are often penetrated, like other decayed wood, by fungi, which, along with the rest, have been silicified.*

Similar accumulations of fossil wood occur on the western side of the delta, about the Natron Lakes and in the Bahrela-Ma.

All these trunks have weathered out of a miocene sandstone; and it has been suggested that when this sandstone was deposited, the Nile brought down great masses of timber from the upper country, just as the Mississippi sweeps down its "rafts" into the Gulf of Mexico at the present day; and that a portion of these, after long exposure and knocking about in the flood, became silted up in the sandy shores of the estuary.

* See Unger, *Der Versteinerte Wald bei Cairo*, *Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Akademie*, 1858. Dr. Schweinfurth (*Zur Beleuchtung der Frage ueber den versteinerten Wald*, *Zeitschrift der deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft*, 1882) considers that the trees grew where they are found, but his arguments do not appear to me to be convincing.

The greater part of the "petrified forest" is at present one thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of the heights which form the eastward continuation of the Mokattam. It has, therefore, shared in the general elevation of the land which took place after the beginning of the miocene epoch. That such elevation occurred is proved by the fact, that the marine beds of that period lie upon the upraised limestone plateau of Lower Egypt; and it must have reached seven or eight hundred feet, before the *Pholades* bored the rocky shore of the gulf of the delta.

A flood of light would be thrown on the unwritten history of Egypt by a well-directed and careful re-examination of several points, to some of which I have directed your attention. For example, a single line of borings carried across the middle of the delta down to the solid rock, with a careful record of what is found at successive depths; a fairly exact survey of the petrified forest, and of the regions in which traces of the ancient miocene seashore occur; a survey of the Selsileh region, with a determination of the heights of the alluvial terraces between this point and Semneh; and an examination of the contents of the natural caves which are said to occur in the limestone rocks about Cairo and elsewhere, would certainly yield results of great importance. And it is to be hoped, that, before our occupation of the country comes to an end, some of the many competent engineer officers in our army will turn their attention to these matters.

But although so many details are still vague and indeterminate, the broad facts of the unwritten history of Egypt are clear enough. The gulf of Herodotus unquestionably existed and has been filled up in the way he suggested, but at a time so long antecedent to the furthest date to which he permitted his imagination to carry him, that, in relation to it, the historical period, even of Egypt, sinks into insignificance.

However, we moderns need not stop at the time when the delta was a gulf of the sea. The limestone rocks in which it is excavated and which extend east, west, and south for hundreds of miles, are full of the remains of marine animals, and belong, the latest to the eocene, the oldest to the cretaceous formation. The miocene gulf of the delta was, in fact, only the remains of the wide ocean which formerly extended from Hindostan to Morocco; and at the bottom of which, the accumulation of the shells and skeletons

of its denizens gave rise to the ooze, which has since hardened into chalk and nummulitic limestone. And it is quite certain that the whole of the area now occupied by Egypt, north of Esneh, and probably all that north of Assouan, was covered by tolerably deep sea during the cretaceous epoch. It is also certain that a great extent of dry land existed in south Africa at a much earlier period. How far it extended to the north is unknown, but it may well have covered the area now occupied by the great lakes and the basins of the White and Blue Niles. And it is quite possible that these rivers may have existed and may have poured their waters into the northern ocean, before the elevatory movement—possibly connected with the outpour of the huge granitic masses of the Arabian range and of Nubia—commenced, which caused the calcareous mud covering its bottom to become the dry land of what is now the southern moiety of Upper Egypt, some time towards the end of the cretaceous epoch. Middle and northern Egypt remained under water during the eocene, and northern Egypt during the commencement, at any rate, of the miocene epoch; so that the process of elevation seems to have taken effect from south to north at an extremely slow rate. The northward drainage of the equatorial catchment basin thus became cut off from the sea by a constantly increasing plain sloping to the north. And, as the plain gradually rose, the stream, always flowing north, scooped the long valley of Nubia and of Egypt, and probably formed a succession of deltas which have long since been washed away. At last, probably in the middle, or the later part, of the miocene epoch, the elevatory movement came to an end, and the gulf of the delta began to be slowly and steadily filled up with its comparatively modern alluvium.

Thus, paradoxical as the proposition may sound, the Nile is not only older than its gift, the alluvial soil of Egypt, but it may be vastly older than the whole land of Egypt; and the river has shaped the casket in which the gift lies out of materials laid by the sea at its feet in the days of its youth.

The fourth problem of Herodotus—the origin and the antiquity of the Egyptian people—is much more difficult than the other three, and I cannot deal with it at the end of a discourse which has already extended to an undue length.

But I may indicate a few cardinal facts which bear on the discussion.

According to Figari Bey's investiga-

tions, a marine deposit, which probably is of the same age as the miocene beaches of Cairo and Memphis, forms the floor of the delta. Above this, come the layers of sand with gravel already mentioned, as evidencing a former swifter flow of the river; then follow beds of mud and sand; and only above these, at three distinct levels, evidences of human handiwork, the last and latest of which belong to the age of Ramses II.

It is eminently desirable that these statements should be verified, for the doubts which have been thrown, to some extent justly, upon various attempts to judge the age of the alluvium of the Nile do not affect the proof of the relative antiquity of the human occupation of Egypt, which such facts would afford; and it is useless to speculate on the antiquity of the Egyptian race, or the condition of the delta when men began to people it, until they are accurately investigated.

As to the ethnological relations of the Egyptian race, I think all that can be said is, that neither the physical nor the philological evidence, as it stands, is very satisfactory. That the Egyptians are not negroes is certain, and that they are totally different from any typical Semites is also certain. I am not aware that there are any people who resemble them in character of hair and complexion, except the Dravidian tribes of central India, and the Australians; and I have long been inclined to think, on purely physical grounds, that the latter are the lowest, and the Egyptians the highest, members of a race of mankind of great antiquity, distinct alike from Aryan and Turanian on the one side, and from negro and negro-ito on the other. And it seems to me that the philologists, with their "Cushites" and "Hamites" are tending towards a similar differentiation of the Egyptian stock from its neighbors. But, both on the anthropological and on the philological sides, the satisfactorily ascertained facts are few and the difficulties multitudinous.

I have addressed you to-night in my private capacity of a student of nature, believing, as I hope with justice, that the discussion of questions which have long attracted me, would interest you. But I have not forgotten, and I dare say you have not, that I have the honor to stand in a very close official relation to Eton as a member of the Governing Body. And I have reason to think that, in some quarters, I am regarded as a dangerous mem-

ber of that body, who, if he were not restrained by his colleagues, would endeavor to abolish the traditional studies of the school, and set the sixth form working at the generation of gases and the dissection of crayfishes, to the exclusion of your time-honored discipline in Greek and Latin.

To put the matter very gently, that statement is unhistorical; and I selected my topic for the discourse which I have just concluded, in order that I might show you, by an example, the outside limits to which my scientific fanaticism would carry me, if it had full swing. Before the fall of the second empire, the French liberals raised a cry for "Liberty as in Austria." I ask for "Scientific Education as in Halicarnassus," and that the culture given at Eton shall be, at any rate, no narrower than that of a Greek gentleman of the age of Pericles.

Herodotus was not a man of science, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was familiar with the general results obtained by the "physiologists" of his day, and was competent to apply his knowledge rationally. If he had lived now, a corresponding education would certainly have put him in possession of the very simple facts which I have placed before you; and the application to them of his own methods of reasoning would have taken him as far as we have been able to go. But, thirty years ago, Herodotus could not have obtained as much knowledge of physical science as he picked up at Halicarnassus in any English public school.

Long before I had anything to do with the affairs of Eton, however, the Governing Body had provided the means of giving such instruction in physical science as it is needful for every decently educated Englishman to possess. I hear that my name is sometimes peculiarly connected (in the genitive case) with certain new laboratories; and if it is to go down to posterity at all, I would as soon it went in that association as any other, whether I have any claim to the left-handed compliment or not. But you must recollect that nothing which has been done, or is likely to be done, by the Governing Body, is the doing of this or that individual member; or has any other end than the deepening and widening of the scheme of Eton education, until, without parting with anything ancient that is of perennial value, it adds all that modern training which is indispensable to a comprehension of the conditions of modern life.

T. H. HUXLEY.